

Sports Illustrated

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LITTLE CIGARS

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memo

Note:

These "Memo to Advertisers" pages appear only in the copies of *Sports Illustrated* that go to our friends in the advertising business.

TO ADVERTISERS

FROM STEPHEN E. KELLY

MAY 11, 1984

*"Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
The proclamation made for May."**

I thought I'd salute you with that bit (this being the first Memo of the month of May) partly because it is a favorite stanza of a favorite poem of a favorite poet of a writer-friend of mine, and partly because, for many of us, the Merry Month is indeed the time when "we'll abroad" to the delights of the open fields, the wide lakes, the blue oceans and the rolling hills, each to his favorite haunt and favorite sports, and each with the vast impedimenta necessary to those sports.

And that goes for our readers, too, to judge from concrete examples of their response to our editorial pages.

All magazines have their loyal and responsive readers, of course, but indications are that *SI* has more than its share. An alert and interested audience makes a good market for you. This is the *SI* market.

One way we sense this interest is in letters and wires our editors receive from our readers. These communications praise us, differ with us, correct us, cajole, threaten, laud, and just plain yell at us. But a surprising number of them tell of positive happenings which took place as a result of articles which appeared in *SI*.

*(Robert Herrick—*Corinna's Going a-Maying*)



YACHTS

"Wow! I'll never get over it! We're made!"

V.E.B. Nicholson & Sons, Nelson's Dockyard, Antigua, was mentioned as the provider of the sailboat on which Roy Terrell (*SI*'s Assistant Managing Editor) and his family sailed on a trip that gave rise to the travel article: "A Season for Discovery."

Wrote Julie P. Nicholson of the firm (who gets *A* for animated enthusiasm):

"WOW! It was just super-colossal-stupendous and the inquiries are flooding in, Magnificent...I wish you could see this office, actually...telephone calls from Texas...cables from Ohio...letters from all over the States. And we live and breathe inquiries...each one sends us to the skytops with

pleasure...and as the ones that are coming as a result of your article are mostly all for the off-season—May, June and July—you can imagine our excitement! Those off-season ones are worth about ten of the winter month ones!

"Honestly, it really is terrific. We are all the more grateful because you needn't have brought us into the article at all...but there we are, big as life, and it is just perfect!

"You could just feel the people having a good time. It was *there* on all the lines...and in between the lines too. *Sports Illustrated* mentioning Nicholson yachts...I'll never get over it! We're made!"



PANAMA MARLIN STORY IN SPORTS ILLUSTRATED PRODUCED FANTASTIC RESULTS. CLUB DE PESCA HAS RECEIVED SEVERAL THOUSAND LETTERS AS A RESULT OF THIS ARTICLE AND IS SOLD OUT FOR THE NEXT FOUR MONTHS.

FISHING RESORT

"Sold out for the next four months"

An article by Jack Olsen, "A Mob of Marlin in Panama," described Piñas Bay, on the Pacific coast of Panama, as an aquatic jungle choked with

gamefish. The Club de Pesca de Panamá on the Bay, wired us how SI readers were rushing down by the plane to mob that mob of marlin.



SURFBOARDS

"Response was immediate and continued through the summer"

Shopwark (SI's regional-edition shopping column) for July 29, 1963 mentioned surfboards that sell for \$120 and up, made by Hannon Surfboards of Great Neck, New York. John Hannon wrote:

"I would estimate your editorial credit resulted

in approximately one hundred people renting surfboards from us over the course of the season, and from 10 to 20 units actually sold as a result from a total production of 176. The response was immediate and it continued through the summer."



SAILING GEAR

"Complete confidence in your column"

A Shopwark article, of November 18, 1963 was devoted to the sailing gear which professional fishermen and experienced yachtsman have been getting at the Fulton Supply Co. since 1902: ice-men's pants, oilskins, rubber boots. Wrote Edward Bronze, of the company:

"We were delighted. The response from your readers requesting our catalogue totals more than 250 at this writing. Many readers have expressed their pleasure in finding a store such as ours. Some have written that we must be deserving of the write-up, stating they have complete confidence in

(continued on back flap of this insert)

Volume 20, Number 19

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How to name a tavern



Along most any English road you could compile a list such as this:

'The Red Lion', 'The Bald Faced Stag', 'The Plough', 'The Elbow and Froth', 'The Cow Roast', 'The Bird and Bell', et cetera.

In this country, the preference runs much more to the name, or nickname of a tavern's proprietor: 'Hank's Place', 'Flo and Ed's', 'Barr's Bar', 'Pat O'Toole's', 'Tiny's Tavern', 'Big Nose George's'.

One thing's sure: the other name outside a tavern—the name of the beer it features—can be nearly as important as what the tavern is called.

Any stranger in any town can go to a tavern with a Schlitz sign and get exactly the same beer he enjoys in his favorite tavern back home. Always and everywhere, it's the great light beer with gusto.

Schlitz, the Beer that made Milwaukee Famous
...simply because it tastes so good.





Royal announces: the first registered golf ball

Look at the Royal seal.

And the registered number on the ball.

They are your guarantee that the new Royal you play has met the highest standards ever set for a golf ball. (The demanding standards of the Royal Golf Equipment Laboratories.)

Item: Royal's compression (the launching power wound into the ball) is controlled to an almost invisible tolerance. That means it feels and drives exactly the same every single time.

Item: It takes 9 days of precision work, 85 separate operations, and a testing program that rivals a missile launch to produce one Registered Royal golf ball.

Is a ball this good really worth the trouble? If you want one that finally brings out the best game in you—it is.

Your golf professional is the only man who sells this great new ball. Play the Registered Royal. It's built to go the distance.



Contents

MAY 11, 1964 Volume 29 No. 19

Cover photograph by Walter Jones Jr.

22 The Dancer Dazzles Old Kentucky

Leading a parade of non-Bluegrass-bred colts, Concho's Northern Dancer won the Derby in record time

28 No Losers at the Poor Boy Open

Waco Turner, a millionaire who rules like a feudal baron, conducts his annual and unusual tournament for losers.

32 The Torments of Excellence

Detroit's Al Kaline is expected to win the batting title every year—because he won it when he was just 20.

44 The Monaco Grand Prix

In eight pages of paintings Artist Al Parker depicts the glories of a premier automobile race

54 Champ of the Chop and Loop

The new national table tennis champion is Erwin Klein. He has mastered the strokes of a fast and tricky game

72 Dogs, Psychiatry and Votes

U.S. days, same or otherwise, are more important than most people think—including President Johnson

80 The Life I Lead

A journal kept for three months by Jack Nicklaus affords a rare look at a golf superchampion. Part I of a series.

The departments

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 14 Scorecard | 72 Dogs |
| 62 People | 93 Baseball's Week |
| 65 Motor Sports | 94 For the Record |
| 70 Bridge | 95 19th Hole |



128



32



44



54



72



80



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Art. 10. *Continued on page 24*

Next week

THE BEST MIDDLEWEIGHT. Joey Giardello, heads a rich, scrambled division. John Underwood reports on the champ, his colorful entourage, the fighters who are after his title.

THE JOYS OF SURFING are spreading across the world, on land as well as water. Herewith a look at surfers, surf fashion and surf dancers, some of them pictured in color.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY was revived in the 19th century, but the Scottish girl who put on history's last jousting tournament saw it turn into a Keystone comedy on horseback.



BERMUDA

You'll enjoy
every golden minute

This is the time. This is the Island. If you love holiday fun and the refreshing change of sunshine and sea, come abroad now to Great Britain's loveliest Island Colony. Swim in clear azure waters. Stroll along soft pink beaches. Daydream in a secluded cove. There's water-skiing, skandiving, boating, "Big ones" to angle for. There's golf. And tennis. Cycle down winding lanes. Browse in shops with wonderful duty-free imports: French perfumes and British cashmires—leather goods, china and silver!



After sundown, the Island's nightlife takes over with a sparkle all its own. Bermuda is just 90 minutes by jet, or a weekend cruise by ocean liner from New York. There are all types of accommodations: hotels, cottage colonies, guest houses. Just say when. Your travel agent will handle the details. Or write for illustrated booklets: "BERMUDA," 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y. • 6 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 2, Illinois • 111 Richmond Street, W., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.



Spring foal—Photo by Mark Shaw

Unfetter yourself. You have a friend at Chase Manhattan to help you care for your nest egg, and to provide you with carefully considered investment advice. Try us at your convenience.

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Read why we spent 80 million dollars and 5 years building a car that will sell for just \$1495 equipped!

Some time ago we took a long hard look at the calibre of economy cars. Our own field was sport cars... high performance, race winning Sunbeams. Couldn't we build an economy car with sport car performance and 100,000 mile durability as well? Yes!

That was the start of a revolutionary economy car... THE IMP.

80 million dollars, 5 years, and 2½ million miles of endurance testing went into it. The end result: a car so ahead of its time that it became the most publicized...

the most sought after economy car in today's European market.

The incredible new Sunbeam Sportsedan is unlike any car you've ever driven. It beats its competition to the punch with an overhead camshaft engine (unique in its field). Cruises at over 70 m.p.h. Its "aerodynamic" design is low and handsome. Incredible economy (up to 40 miles per gal.) and no greasing points. (Service every 5000 miles only.)

Specifications: Racing-type aluminum rear engine; independent

4-wheel suspension for racing-car control; unitary steel construction. And 16 exclusive features including a tilt-up rear window and fold-down rear seat. Zip—it's a perfect station wagon!

Drive it. This Imp is a solid fun car. "The best car Rootes ever made... a mechanical miracle..." says the 1963 November issue of CAR & DRIVER. The price, complete with heater and defroster, just \$1495.* Ask your Sunbeam dealer about our money-saving overseas delivery plan.



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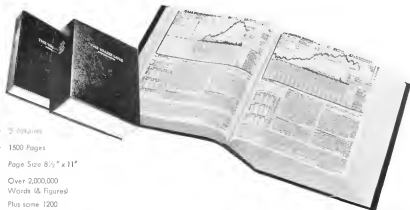
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- ACTUAL DIVIDEND PAYMENTS on a quarterly basis
- CURRENT DEVELOPMENTS
- RECORDED average EARNINGS, DIVIDENDS, AND PRICE LEVELS 3 TO 5 YEARS HENCE
- ESTIMATED SALES, EARNINGS AND DIVIDENDS in the current year
- CURRENT PRICE/EARNINGS RATIOS and dividend yields, versus—past averages
- CASH FLOW PER SHARE and earnings and dividends per share estimated for the next 12 months
- Past trend of GROWTH of earnings and dividends and past price \$100/100—versus those of other stocks
- INVESTMENT QUALITY of this stock

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5-10

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7 League Boots with 4-Wheel Drive



Ride with giant strides across mountains, gorges, deserts, rivers and forests—through mud, flood, sand, slog and snow. Nothing stops your Toyota Land Cruiser. It's the toughest, guttiest, keep-goingest power package ever built into a 4 wheel drive. Others try—but Toyota, with its ground-eating 7 league stride—its 85 mph speed on the highway—its studhorse 135 hp engine—its 9 forward, 3 reverse gear combinations—comes through where wheels never tread before! So don't be afraid to roam...comb every inch of the country you love.

Take off on a

TOYOTA
LAND CRUISER

4 wheel drive with 7 league stride

SHOPWALK

The sporty Honda 50 is changing the public's image of the motorcyclist

The Honda 50, a cross between a motorcycle and a scooter, is causing a small-scale revolution in the two-wheeled transportation field. The little machine is changing the public's image of motorcycling. Magazine advertisements for the 50 usually show people in stylish sports or evening clothes. Banned forever, at least for Honda, are those chrome-shouldered black leather jackets, a symbol of the roughneck cyclist made famous by Marlon Brando in the film, *The Wild One*.

The change in motorcycling began in 1959 when Honda, an energetic Japanese firm, introduced their lightweight, low-priced cycles in the U.S. They aimed their sales campaign at students, housewives and businessmen. The Hondas turned the two-wheeled world topsy-turvy with their success. Their radical design—incorporating the larger wheels of a motorcycle and a scooter-type seat, caught on first in California and then spread eastward. Honda sold 500 machines that first year, they sold 5,000 the next year, and last year they sold 100,000.

Honda is directing its appeal not to teenage toughs, but to people like Dr. Richard Thompson, a Washington, D.C. dentist and leading U.S. sportscar driver. Says Thompson: "It is an easy machine to handle in traffic once you realize that a cycle is virtually invisible to the automobile motorist. You must make allowances for him. This means defensive driving."

Its economy of operation and low purchase price make it ideal for students. Powered by an engine (5 hp, 50 cc) scarcely larger than that of a deluxe power lawnmower, the Honda can carry two persons at the unlawmower-like speed of 30-45 mph, using ordinary pump gasoline at the rate of only 150-200 miles per gallon. The Honda 50—with lights, horn, electric starter, turn signals and three-speed transmission—costs \$275, plus a modest set-up charge. In contrast, most standard cycles cost at least \$500, and even scooters start at \$325.

Women, attracted by the idea of easy-to-handle supermarket transportation, are among Honda's best customers. The machine is light (with starter, it weighs about 155 pounds), and its scooter seat permits women to drive in tailored skirts. Most straddle-type motorcycles weigh in at a hefty 500 pounds or so—a lot of weight for a girl to push around. Even the colors are appealing: a tomato-soup-red-and-cream combination, blue and white, black and white and plain cream. Honda's U.S. headquarters are at 100 West Alondra, Gardena, Calif.

If you are not satisfied with humming along on a 5 hp 50, Honda makes speedily

(continued)

WOMEN DIG IT!

'THAT MAN'

BY REVLOV



A GENTLEMAN'S COLOGNE
AFTER-SHAVE LOTION
SPRAY TALC AND SOAP



Wait till the sun shines...



Come rain and Peugeot's sliding sunroof shuts up tight and dry. Come shine and you have the free feeling of open sky and cooling breezes.

You'll find this safe, solid steel sunroof on every Peugeot sedan. It works so smoothly you can adjust it with one hand—even while you're driving! The sunroof is just one feature of a unique car that offers so many extras at no extra cost. More than \$500 worth to be exact. Reclining seats; four-speed

transmission; Michelin X tires; stainless steel wheel covers, bumpers and trim; door-to-door carpeting; windshield washers; trip mileage counter; child-proof locks on rear doors. And many more.

Best of all, Peugeot is built with unmatched integrity. Every part is inspected before and after assembly. Every car is test driven. With remarkable response, ample power (88 mph if you insist) and timeless styling,

Peugeot is indeed the car of a lifetime. Available in three models. The economical 403 Sedan (considered one of the 7 best made cars in the world by John Bond, Publisher of *Road & Track*), the 404 Sedan (designed to be even better), and the roomy Station Wagon. Even if you close your eyes and choose, you can't go wrong.

PEUGEOT
(Say Pooj-oh)

PEUGEOT 403



PEUGEOT 404



PEUGEOT 404 STATION WAGON



For brochure write Peugeot, Inc., 97-45 Queens Blvd., Rego Park, N.Y. For overseas delivery write Chen Overseas, Inc., 3555th Ave., N.Y.C. or see your local dealer.

JUST BRING YOUR SUN- GLASSES



Prince Edward Island

CANADA

has everything else! Including gala centennial celebrations of the 1864 Confederation Conference in Charlottetown, birthplace of the Canadian nation. A thousand miles of beaches. Yachting. Florida-warm blue Gulf waters. Tranquil, rolling countryside. North shore breakers. A low ragweed pollen count. Picnics on the sand dunes. Spectacular Green Gables golf course. Friendly people. Picturesque villages. Campgrounds in the National Park and provincial campsites. Harness racing, with flashing sulkies battling down to the wire. Brook trout. Highland Games at Eldon (August 5). Pink sand castles. Hours and hours of sunshine. Air-cooled nights. Two lobster seasons. Fields of clover. Summer resort hotels. Modern motels, with swimming pools. Five car ferries. Just bring your sunglasses. P.E.I. does the rest!

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This funny boat is an aqua cat



... handles well
with a tiny outboard

It has been clocked at 18 knots under sail



sails great with
4 congenial people



or one racing enthusiast



car tops even on funny cars



Specifications: 12'2" x 6' x 5" to 2'.
Solidly foam-filled fiberglass hulls! Weighs only 150 lbs.
78 or 90 sq. ft. of sail area. Complete with
sail: \$695.00. Send for full color brochure.

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR SAILING CATAMARAN

aqua cat

American Fiberglass Corp., P.O. Box 466D, South Norwalk, Connecticut

SHOPWALK / continued

competition machines as well. The company was the terror of the two-wheeled Grand Prix circuit in 1961 and 1962. According to New York Honda dealer Felix Navarro, "Most people, once they start on a smaller machine, eventually move up to more powerful cycles."

A few manufacturers, attracted by Honda's success, have introduced their own versions of a lightweight motorcycle in the American market. Yamaha and Suzuki, Honda's main Japanese rivals, are already selling their variations on a national scale. Harley-Davidson, the best-known U.S. manufacturer, plans to bring out a cycle roughly equivalent to the Honda 50 within a short time.

In 1959, about the same time as Honda's lightweight machines arrived in California, a rugged little two-wheeled cycle (for off-highway use only) called the Tote Gote began to replace old hobnob as a tireless mechanized packhorse for campers and hunters. The Tote Gote was not the first trail scooter, but it was the first dependable one to lug a hunter and his 250-pound deer carcass in and out of rugged, hitherto inaccessible terrain. Soon Tote Gotes were stampeding foot campers, packhorses and dudes all over the West. According to anti-Tote Gotes, people using trail scooters were causing soil erosion and besides were a general nuisance in the woods. Tote Gotes and trail scooters (there are dozens of makes now) are banned from some parts of the National Parks and great tracts of the National Forest Service's wilderness areas.

Riding a trail scooter across a rocky, root-crossed trail or steep mountainside is almost like being on a bucking bronco. "It is something like riding a horse," says one owner. "It will not bite or kick, but it sure as hell will throw you. I had skinned knees and a sore back for weeks after I got mine."

Today the Bonham Corporation makes Tote Gotes in three, four and six hp models, costing \$325, \$350 and \$495. Requests for brochures should be addressed to the Bonham Corporation, P.O. Box 858, Provo, Utah.

The Triumph Corporation, the British manufacturer, makes an honest-to-goodness straddle-seated motorcycle—its Sports Cub—which can be used on the trail or on the highways. The Cub can drum out 16 hp with its 200 cc engine at a flick of the throttle. In 1963, a competition Cub won its class championship in the 500-mile Jack Pine Enduro contest at Lansing, Mich., a grueling test of a motorcycle's ability to take rugged cross-country terrain. The cycle costs \$675, and it is not for beginners. For sure-seated cyclists, Triumph makes larger, more powerful machines (500 cc., 650 cc). Write to Triumph Corporation, Baltimore, Md., 21204, for their catalog.

—PAUL SELWART

Who took the wrinkles out of Mr. Murphy's golf slacks?

McGregor, that's who (with Eirelin: the crisp look of linen, kept uncrushable by a blend of DACRON[®] and rayon).



Here are the most astonishing golf slacks you've ever worn: the look of linen made lightweight, machine washable, quick drying, and sun fast (thanks to a blend of 65% Dacron polyester/35% rayon). And as if that weren't enough, look at these special features: a no-slip waistband of Dacron[®], hidden Magic Markers to spot your in-play golf balls, and a hidden ball pocket in back which can carry up to 4 golf balls.

EIRELIN Hugger Golf Slacks or EIRELIN Magic Marker Golf Slacks, \$13.95.



McGregor makes sense.

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Also licensed, buy direct
In Canada, too. McGregor Designer, Inc., New York 17, N.Y.



What's new is Newport's New Schweppes Bitter Lemon.

Delicious new status symbol: Schweppes Bitter Lemon



IF you're rich enough, you can go to Newport and buy a 30-room summer "cottage" to watch the regattas on Block Island Sound.

If you can't do that, you can buy another status symbol that's all the rage now—Schweppes Bitter Lemon.

You've never tasted anything in

your life like Schweppes Bitter Lemon. Schweppes makes it from whole fresh lemons—juice, pits, pulp, peel and all. Upend a bottle. See the little pieces of lemon.

What does Schweppes Bitter Lemon taste like? Tart, lemony, lightly carbonated. Much different from ordinary drinks.

Bitter Lemon is a perfect mixer for gin, vodka, rum, whiskey, rye and

almost everything else. And it's just as delicious straight. (Of course, it's the only soft drink children *don't* like—too sophisticated a taste.)

It's an awful boner to be seen drinking an imitation, so be sure you get the original, English, Schweppes Bitter Lemon. If your favorite store doesn't have it, write to Commander Whitehead, President of Schweppes U.S.A., 445 Park Ave., New York.





CHRYSLER'S ALL-NEW ECONOMY CAR

The big extra in Simca 1000 comes in black & white: Chrysler's 5-year/50,000-mile warranty*

It covers vital engine and drive train parts, including both replacement parts and labor. You don't pay a penny for it. It's standard equipment on Chrysler's all-new economy car, Simca 1000.

No other economy import offers a warranty on these parts for even half as long.

More good reasons to own a 1000: 4 forward speeds; Porsche synchronizers, a 50-hp rear engine; 4 doors. And more.

Great performer, best protected. Chrysler's all-new economy car, Simca 1000. Get behind the wheel! **Only \$1595.****

***ENGINE AND DRIVE TRAIN WARRANTY COVERAGE:** Chrysler Motors Corporation warrants all of the following vital parts of the Simca 1000 for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, during which time any such parts that prove defective in material or workmanship will be replaced or repaired at an Authorized Simca Dealer's place of business without charge for such parts or labor: engine block, head and internal parts, water pump, intake manifold, Trans-Axle parts and rear wheel bearings.

HERE'S ALL YOU MUST DO: Give your car this normal care—change engine oil and retorque the cylinder head at first 600 miles and thereafter change engine oil every 3 months or every 4,000 miles, whichever comes first; clean oil separator every 6 months (spring and fall), clean carburetor air filter every 6 months and replace it every 2 years; and clean the crankcase ventilator valve oil filler cap and change Trans-Axle lubricant every 6 months or 5,000 miles, whichever comes first. AND every 6 months furnish evidence of this required service to an Authorized Simca Dealer or other Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer and request him to certify receipt of such evidence and your car's mileage. Simple enough for such extensive protection.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price. East Coast PDE including heater, excluding state and local taxes, if any, and destination charges. Wheelwells optional, extra.

SIMCA DIVISION



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION



Gary Player and Bruce Devlin, two of the top ten winners in the Masters, use clubs made with Fiberglas, exclusively.

Why Top Golf Pros Are Switching to Fiberglas Clubs

Fiberglas® clubs are fast becoming the choice of professional golfers for one basic reason: they are delivering better performance all the way for the players who use them. Gary Player won the Pensacola Open and Bruce Devlin won the St. Petersburg Open, using Fiberglas clubs.

Here's what Gary says—"I shot my 11-under par 60 with Fiberglas WonderShafts®, the lowest round of my life. I think Fiberglas clubs will improve golf. First, because they let you stay with the ball longer. You have better control over more kinds of shots. And there's something

about Fiberglas that lets you hit the ball up higher and get a backspin on it. When it hits the green, it stops."

You can improve your game with the same clubs that helped Gary Player and Bruce Devlin improve theirs. Ask your Pro or Sports Shop about Fiberglas WonderShafts made by the Shakespeare Company of Kalamazoo, Michigan. And also send for a free copy of Gary Player's booklet on winning golf by writing directly to Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation, 717 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022.



Unlike ordinary shafts that are one-piece welded, new Fiberglas shafts contain over a half-million parallel glass fibers . . . all bonded together to generate a progressive power build-up from the hands down to the club head. Result: greater hitting power and control.



® Owens-Corning's Trade Mark

**What's the best way
to clean your best sportswear?**



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SCORECARD

THE UNBEARABLES

Principal speaker at a University of North Carolina testimonial last week was Mortimer Caplin, who heads up the Internal Revenue Service, which collects income taxes. During his undergraduate days at the University of Virginia, Caplin was quite a good boxer, and that in the heyday of Virginia's great boxing teams. Furthermore, Caplin's father and two uncles were boxing managers. Judged by his department's recent treatment of prizefighters, Caplin seems to take no sentimental view of the sport. In his day, he recalled at the testimonial, he had been up against some pretty tough fighters. "Recently," he quipped, "I have been in much tougher company—Joe Louis, Sonny Liston, Cassius Clay. Fortunately, it can be said that we won the nod in each bout."

Caplin was referring, of course, to collection of income taxes from those boxers. But there was certainly no win over Joe Louis, who owes so much that the IRS never can hope to collect it all. And what he seems to consider a win over Cassius Clay was achieved by means that a mobster shylock might envy.

Under the law an independent businessman (like Clay) has the option to 1) pay by April 15 his entire total estimated income tax for the coming year (including estimated deductions) or 2) pay his total estimated tax (including deductions) in quarterly installments. Clay was given neither option. He is a boxer and therefore, in the eyes of the IRS, is suspect. If the IRS suspects you, it seems, the law gives it an arbitrary right to discriminate against you.

On this principle, or the lack thereof, the Government took 90% of Clay's estimated tax from his Sonny Liston fight—granting him a deduction of \$1,000. At the end of the year his deductions will be considered and refunds made. Meanwhile, he cannot use his own money. Only the IRS can use it.

"This is an arbitrary policy only imposed in the case of boxers," says Edward Jacko Jr., one of Clay's lawyers.

It is small wonder that, on leaving the

meeting with IRS men, Archie Robinson, a little Black Muslim who rides faithfully on Clay's shoulder, muttered: "Now you see what I mean about this country—it's not going to give you a break because of your color."

STATUS QUO

"Nothing hinders progress," a wise but cynical man once said, "like prosperity." Anyone hoping that the National Hockey League might change its tight little six-team organization—by expanding westward or admitting the Western Hockey League to major status—had better relinquish his hope. With business up 10% over the previous year, the NHL's just-finished season totted up attendance records that were 93.3% of the league's rated seating capacity. In other words, NHL games failed to sell out less than one-tenth of the time—and that means even when the Bruins were playing the Rangers.

You think they're going to change anything?

THE KEY AND WHEEL CLUB

A few of the fellows from Freehold, N.J. took a ride up to Roosevelt Raceway last week, as is their custom during the trotting season. At the end of the evening they held in their trembling possession the winning ticket on a record \$132,000 twin double payoff. They had formed a seven-man syndicate and invested \$160 in a system of wheeling and dealing that had paid off \$7,000 for one of them, Billy Bresnahan, once before.

Nor were they dependent on pure luck. Four of them own horses, and on the night they hit the twin, one of their horses, Rex Pick, won a race that paid \$5.50. They cashed tickets on that, too.

"Roosevelt has been good to us," said Mike Sherman, whose Major Kerr paid \$209 for a \$2 ticket in 1952, one of the highest payoffs in trotting history.

Their system, by no means unique, depends on what the group calls "keys." They pick one horse in one part of the double and "wheel" him with every horse

in the other race. If successful in the first half, they pick another key for the second part and wheel again.

They were in no hurry to collect. A few days were spent in a computation of shares, not all of which are equal, in consulting a lawyer—and in pondering the attitude of the Internal Revenue Service. On the night they did show up for their money they wheeled \$160 again, just for kicks, and lost.

"I am probably ahead of the track at last," said Billy Bresnahan, "but not for long."

BIG JOE FOR NOME

In recognition of Mother's Day, let us pay tribute to two bantam hens, weighing less than a pound apiece, which have just completed their job of hatching two whooping crane eggs, a task for titans. A full-grown whooper stands 5½ feet and its egg weighs half a pound.

The experiment, first of its kind to be successful, took place at a U.S. Wildlife and Fisheries station in Lafayette, La., and its success raised modest hopes that the whooping crane may be saved from



extinction. Thanks to Patience and Petalene, the bantams, there are now 40 whoopers in the world. There had been only 39. Unfortunately, Patience's offspring died soon after hatching.

The two eggs came from Josephine, matriarch of the seven adult whooping cranes at the Audubon Park aviary in New Orleans, only ones in captivity. As the bantams hatched her two eggs, Josephine laid the first egg of a new clutch.

continued

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Pick up a bottle of Fitch. Use it regularly for a clean, healthy-looking head of hair.



Separates the men from the girls.

GROVE LABORATORIES
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SCORECARD *continued*

and four more bantams are about to be pressed into service. Still another egg is undergoing mechanical incubation.

Patience received her name because she feels her only function in life is to hatch. Petulance was so named because she almost had to be forced off her egg to take nourishment, and seemed to resent it. Their contribution to science is greatly appreciated by the U.S. Wildlife and Fisheries department.

"We know now we can use foster mothers for whooping crane eggs," said John Lynch, in charge of the project. "This is exactly what our research is all about."

BIRTH OF A NOTION

Marlo Lewis, veteran producer of many a really big show for Ed Sullivan, is in high hopes of snaring some really big professional ski races for television next winter—if he can find a sponsor. As bait for network time buyers, Lewis and Thomas Sheridan Jr. of the Windham, N.Y. ski area have even organized the National Ski League, an association of U.S. ski areas, to foster the sport's professionalism. Each league member resort, Lewis said last week, will field a three-man squad of topnotch skiers to compete in a 13-week schedule beginning next January. The NSL hopes pro sking will fill the television scheduling gap between pro football and baseball. Like its professional prototypes, the infant league plans to have such fillips as East and West divisions, All-Star events and even a World Series. Its bylaws, though, have not yet been established—the league directors are still studying the National Football League rulebook. The NSL has some fine prospects, however. Among them are the signatures of Egon Zimmerman and Pepi Stiegler, gold medalists at the Innsbruck Olympics, on the roster of Boyne Mountain, a league member.

TAPS AND BODYS AND SADDLES

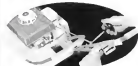
To the aristocracy of racing he was a special man with style and flashing color, an artful technician with a sensitive feeling for horses and racing. To the small better, who ranted about his reluctance to use the whip, he was a brigand. But to everyone, from Bonny to Epsom Downs, he was *Le Crocodile*, the dark Australian with the cold grey eyes—who his back humped like an angry cat, but sitting his horse with perfect balance—

continued

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"Life insurance? Not today, thanks!"

"But a MONY man got me thinking about mortgage protection and the kids' education. I'm glad he did!"



Musking Atherton talks it over with Jim Greene

anything extra I put by for the children, for later on."

"Then Jim showed me a life insurance plan centered around two problems. The kids' education and the mortgage. He knew I couldn't afford much. But the realistic figure surprised me. I figured the plan would cost way more.

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- ☐ "The AML Of Life Insurance" How insurance works in plain English. Basic types, cash values, dividends, etc.
- ☐ "Talking Over Federal Taxes And Life And Health Insurance" Dollars and sense on how the tax cut can help your family
- ☐ "The Uncover Investment Features Of Life Insurance" Informative comparison of insurance with stocks and bonds

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SCORECARD *continued*

so often came from behind near the wire.

W. Rae Johnstone, who died at the age of 59 last week after suffering a heart attack at Le Tremblay racetrack, was a major figure in international racing for more than two decades. During a career that began in Sydney, Australia and stretched across 11 countries, the impeccably garbed Johnstone, who backed his horses heavily and tossed many a purse to the croupiers in Deauville before he married, won 2,000 races, including three English Derbies, the French and Irish Derbies and the Grand Prix de Paris.

Johnstone rode three times in this country without victory, and did not have much use for racing here. "It's too monotonous," he said. "As far as I can make out, people go to the races in America to eat sandwiches and hot dogs and bet on a number."

The atmosphere of the Paris tracks, opulent with rolling, richly green, up-and-down courses and filled with the slender figures of smart women, enraptured him. When he retired in 1957 he lamented that he never had ridden a great horse like Native Dancer or Citation. But most of all, he said, he would miss "the thrill" of the dawn drive to Chantilly with the morning sun breaking through the trees like light coming through cathedral windows. Chantilly will miss him, too.

MORE ON THE BRONTOSAURUS

Among the pathetic exhibits of the evils of boxing on David Brinkley's *Journal Special* last week (SI, May 4) was King Levinsky, a heavyweight boxer of the '30s, who has been heard to say many a time that he made \$250,000 in the ring and was robbed of it by his managers, one of whom was his sister. He said it again on the Brinkley show in the thick and hesitant speech generally associated with punch-drunk. This, one was expected to conclude, was what boxing had done to a man.

Those who remember Levinsky from his early days in the ring drew no such conclusion. His speech and manner were quite the same then as now. As to his financial condition, boxers are not the only men who have fallen from wealth to penury. It has happened to actors and bankers, too. And the Kingfish is not so destitute as his poor-mouth salesmanship of neckties would suggest. Ranging between Miami Beach and Las Vegas,

continued



**"When you're looking
down the barrel
of a 30-mph turn
at 130, your brakes
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personal meaning."**

—DAN GURNEY



Dan Gurney, one of the world's great Grand Prix drivers, bets his life on his brakes every time he's in a spot like this. That's pretty often. He wants nothing to do with brake fade.

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where the sporting gentry congregate, he makes a far better living at it than at anything else a man of his capacities might turn a hand to. So good, in fact, that he has boasted from time to time that he "could be driving Cadillacs." Good enough so that last month a burglar was able to steal \$5,160 from his Miami Beach apartment.

NO WHIPSOCKET YET

In automobile racing's county-fair days, men were men and cars had fenders. Time and streamlining eliminated the fenders, and for the past several years racing cars have looked like bullets on wheels. But this Memorial Day at Indianapolis the sport might come full circle. Trying out for the "500" will be three fendered cars.

They could only have come from Californian Mickey Thompson, racing's inventive young man, who in 1962 won an award for the best-engineered car at the Speedway, then lost his chance to win the race because a 35¢ grease seal malfunctioned. In a corollary burst of merchandising inventiveness, the Mick also will be running on Sears, Roebuck tires, all four of which will be wide, fat models that other Indy drivers use only for balance and usually just on the left rear wheel. With this sort of antitraditional start, one might expect the Thompson engines to be Briggs and Stratton. They will be conventional Fords, unconventionally mounted in the rear.

About those fendered cars, Mickey asserts the aerodynamics involved will give him an extra five to 10 miles per hour. At the Indianapolis "500," where speed and victory are measured in fractions, that would be much more than enough. If his theory proves true, he could afford to add running boards.

THEY SAID IT

• Hal Higdon, first American to finish in the Boston Marathon (fourth in the race), on what his three children, aged 2, 4 and 5, think about his training: "Nothing—they think all daddies get up at 6 o'clock in the morning to run 10 miles before breakfast."

• Stan Mustat, after looking at Houston's new domed stadium: "I got started too early in baseball; in air conditioning I could have lasted 20 years longer."

• Kathy Linn, Fort Worth travel agency official, asked the best time to visit Tahiti: "Between 21 and 45."

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"The Finest In The Field!"





With Jockey Bill Hartack's whip at his flank, Canada's Northern Dancer drives across the finish line a neck in front of California's Hio Rise.

THE DANCER DAZZLES



winning the 90th Kentucky Derby in record time. The closest Bluegrass-bred colt was sixth.

OLD KENTUCKY

by WHITNEY TOWER

It was a day to drown in mint juleps, not drink them. At exactly 4:33 p.m. last Saturday a gutsy little colt named Northern Dancer fought his way across the finish line at Churchill Downs to win the 90th running of the Kentucky Derby and prove to Thoroughbred breeders from Chino, Calif. to Ocala, Fla. what they feared all year: the best 3-year-old racehorse in the country—at least for this day and this race—is not from this country at all. Owned by the Canadian Croesus, E. P. Taylor, trained by that sly and genial old refugee from an Argentine horse farm, Horatio Luro, and ridden by Bill Hartack, the thinking man's jockey, Northern Dancer set the Bluegrass industry back several furlongs and at least a dozen years.

Never before had Kentucky-bred horses been so humiliated. Behind the Canadian came a long string of outland-

ers, led by the 6-to-5 betting favorite, Hill Rise (California), The Scoundrel (California), Roman Brother (Florida) and Quadrangle (Virginia). Mr. Brick, the best of the Kentuckians and an honest horse who has been running second and third to first one, then another of this same cast all winter and spring, finally found himself overpowered by sheer numbers and settled for sixth. What may also have discouraged Mr. Brick was that this was certainly the fastest Derby ever run (two minutes flat) and perhaps the best.

It was a horse race that had everything. The buildup and pre-race suspense were enormous. The four favorites in the field of 12 were all in the hands of superb trainers. The jockeys, after a season of hopping from the saddle of one contender to another, understood their own mounts and the others as never before.

Fans, as well as owners and breeders, had regional rooting interests spanning a continent and crossing at least one international border. And the Louisville spectators themselves came from all over to watch the best 3-year-olds in America competing at a testing distance on a testing racetrack. (They bet more than \$2 million on the Derby for the first time.) Nobody could have asked for a better combination of circumstances, and the horse race lived up to the circumstances.

Northern Dancer's victory was not easily earned, and it does not prove that he is the 3-year-old champion. On this particular day he was the best, was ridden the best and undoubtedly benefited the most from racing luck that so often helps determine the outcome of such classics as the Kentucky Derby as well as the first race at Fanner Park, Neb.

On Tuesday of Derby week, Hill Rise,



Triumphant Trainer Horatio Luro embraces his wife Frances and kisses his slepdaughter Cary Robinson after his Derby plans worked out to perfection.

With a quarter of a mile to go, Hartack and the Dancer (7) start the move that won the race. An eighth of a mile further they were two lengths ahead of Shoemaker (whipping) and Hill Rise and then held on to the wire. Mr. Brick, the early leader (on the rail here), and The Scoundrel (8) faded in the stretch.



loser of the first two races of his life last summer at the age of 2 but winner of eight straight since, was very impressive in winning the one-mile Derby Trial. Many knowledgeable horsemen were ready to proclaim him a superhorse, following in the footsteps of fellow Californian Swaps. While Owner George Pope—whose Decidedly, trained by Luro, set the old Derby record of 2:00 3/4, in 1962—and Trainer Bill Finnegan were naturally delighted with this performance, a few skeptics on the grounds timidly suggested that Hill Rise might have run his real race in the Trial instead of saving it for the Derby.

Horatio Luro didn't exactly share this opinion, yet rarely has he displayed so much confidence in his own horse as he did in the final few days before the Dancer's biggest test. "He was confident that Decidedly could beat Ridan two years

ago," said Burnett Robinson, who is married to Luro's stepdaughter, Cary. "But this time he's more confident than ever. I never saw him like this before." So certain was Luro, in fact, that in discussing the race a few evenings before Derby Day he said that the winning horse would have to run the last of the five quarters in 24 seconds flat, and that the winning time would be exactly two minutes. His broad grin left no doubt as to which horse he had in mind.

"Hill Rise ran a million-dollar race in the Trial," said Luro, "but it didn't scare me. People train horses differently, and who is to say which method is right or wrong? When my horse is going a mile and a quarter for the first time, I do not want him to race four or five days before. I want him fresh and full of energy. I think it is the only way."

On Saturday Northern Dancer was

fresh and fairly popping with energy. "I think he got more sleep last night than I did," said Luro. When the Dancer came into the paddock, sporting handsome colored bandages to protect his legs before the race, he was only slightly less well-dressed than Luro himself. But his coat was magnificent, and he never looked more fit. Earlier, Luro had dropped in to see Hartack in the jockeys' room to discuss ways of beating Hill Rise. "I told him he would have plenty of horse in his hands," the Señor recalled afterwards, "but I warned him not to let this horse get away from him early in the race. If Northern Dancer was used too much early in the race, he would never be able to run that last quarter in 24 seconds—which I absolutely knew he would have to do to win."

The Hill Rise camp was surrounded by California supporters all day. Pope

continued



and his wife Patsy are both superstitious about such things as lucky clothes. Pope's friends insist he owns only two outfits to begin with and that one of them is an ensemble of gray flannels and a light-tan gabardine coat that he wore when he fed Decidedly into the winner's circle in 1962. Pope wore the same ensemble last Saturday, and Patsy had a new good-luck charm, a bracelet depicting Hill Rise's four stakes victories last winter. "It came from Don Pierce," she said sheepishly, "who rode him in all those races. The awful thing is that it arrived the same day we told him Willie Shoemaker was to replace him on Hill Rise."

The race itself was a triumph of planning and riding by Luro and Hartack. At the start Mr. Brick, the inside horse, ridden by Milo Valenzuela, was supposed to have been taken back and saved for a late run with the favorites. But, as Milo said later, "My horse just charged out of the gate, and I had to go to the front. I couldn't take back, but what made it bad for me was that Royal Shuck went with me, and he hooked right into me for three-quarters of a mile. That took a lot out of Mr. Brick." What this meant in the overall strategy was that Mr. Brick ran a good mile and then the last quarter was too much for him. It also meant that all riders in the race were forced to stay closer to the pace than some would have liked.

Going past the stands for the first time, with Mr. Brick showing the way, Royal Shuck close up beside him and with Wil Rad and The Scoundrel right there, too, a perhaps significant incident occurred. (Mr. Brick already had bumped Quadrangle slightly leaving the gate.) Now The Scoundrel brushed Hill Rise twice within a sixteenth of a mile. It did not seem to bother Hill Rise much, but it could not have helped him either.

Hartack had a tight hold on Northern Dancer. "I was surprised," he said afterward, "to see The Scoundrel with more early speed than we figured he'd have. Still, I was looking out for Hill Rise. He was the horse I had to respect the most, and I wasn't going to forget it." Going into the first turn, Hartack neatly dropped his horse down on the inside, saving ground behind Quadrangle, and with Hill Rise just outside. They were five lengths off the pace and in just about perfect positions.

On the backstretch Hartack skillfully eased Northern Dancer to the outside to avoid being trapped as they neared the five-eighths pole. "I was still behind Quadrangle," said Hartack, "and I could see I couldn't take his position away from him, so I moved out. Then when I saw The Scoundrel make a run on the turn I dropped in outside of him and left Hill Rise behind me. It was still a half a mile from home, so I let The Scoundrel go in order to save my own horse for the stretch. I was in good shape. I had a horse who had run easily under a tight hold, I was in front of Hill Rise and I knew I had plenty of run left."

Hill Rise might have had more run left, too, if he had not been involved in a further incident. Royal Shuck had been struggling along all this while to keep up with Mr. Brick. When he stopped he didn't do it halfheartedly. He stopped. Mr. Moonlight, right behind him, had to swerve out to avoid running up on him, and when he swerved Mr. Moonlight swerved right into Hill Rise.

Approaching the quarter pole Manuel Ycaza had The Scoundrel in front briefly. Mr. Brick was retiring gradually, although not without a fight. "I decided it was no use to wait any longer," said Hartack. "I knew the time had come to use my speed and use it quickly before Hill Rise could start his own run."

"I could see," Luro said later, "that the first fractions were just about perfect for us [22 2/5, 46, 1-10 3/5] and that Northern Dancer was still a very relaxed horse. Hartack had the vision in the far turn to move at exactly the right time. When he did he covered an eighth of a mile in exactly 11 seconds coming out of that turn. He opened up a little more than two lengths, and that's where he won the race—between the quarter pole and the eighth pole."

"I really went for it leaving the quarter pole," said Hartack. "I didn't know where Hill Rise was, but I knew I had run in my horse." Northern Dancer shot by The Scoundrel and was on his way. Hartack first hit him easily on the shoulder and then whacked at his flank. Shoemaker and Hill Rise, too, were coming—out of trouble at last. But Hartack went into a hard drive and never let up. Shoe was cutting the margin, but not cutting it fast enough. From two lengths back he cut it to one, and he gained all

the way to the wire. But at the finish he was still a neck short. A little more than three lengths back was The Scoundrel, a nose in front of Roman Brother, who was a neck in front of fifth-place Quadrangle. As Luro planned, the fast quarter was run in exactly 24 seconds.

Except, possibly, for Hill Rise, none of the losers had any excuse. Bobby Ussery, a first-time rider for Quadrangle, said, "He didn't stop. He just couldn't keep up." Then, with a bow to the team that had taken him off Northern Dancer after one unsatisfactory ride at Hialeah this winter, Ussery added, "If I couldn't win it, I'm glad Mr. Taylor did. I won the Queen's Plate for him in front of the Queen one year, and he's a nice man."

Ycaza, also a first-time rider on The Scoundrel, felt his horse might have been annoyed in the stretch by people standing in the infield and Owner Rex Ellsworth believes that by the May 16 Preukness The Scoundrel will be much improved. And what about Shoemaker, who took himself off Northern Dancer to ride Hill Rise? "I'd do the same thing again," said Shoe. "Hartack may have had some luck getting through on the inside on the first turn, and I had a little bad luck on the far turn. I know he had a lot of horse under him turning for home when he opened up those quick two lengths. I followed the best I could, and I was gaining on him. Next time it might be different."

Shoemaker could be right, but his decision to switch horses in midseason proves that even a gifted rider is not infallible as a judge of racing quality. It will never be known whether Don Pierce, riding Hill Rise, would have avoided the trouble Shoe encountered, or whether the Derby just is not Shoemaker's race. Once he stood up in the irons and misjudged the finish, and now he has lost with four favorites. In six Derbies, on the other hand, none of Hartack's four winning rides (he is now only one behind record-holder Eddie Arcaro) was on the post-time favorite.

There is no question that Bill Hartack is an immensely skilled rider and a popular figure with racing fans, if not with some newsmen. He has a tough outlook and does not mind showing it. Was he worried about the Derby at any point, someone asked him? "Yeah, sure," he cracked back. "I worried a lot—but just about collecting that green paper." **END**

While impatient reporters wait nearly an hour to hear his version of Northern Dancer's victory, Hartack signs autographs outside jockeys' room





Up the fairway in his Cadillac goes Waco Turner, the founder, backer and only man who really matters at one of golf's most remarkable events.

NOBODY LOSES AT THE POOR BOY OPEN

The big names and big galleries were at the Tournament of Champions where Jack Nicklaus was cashing in, but the rest of the professional golf tour was enjoying the all-but-private tournament of nonchampions at Burneyville, Okla., an event run by a firm-minded old millionaire who puts the whole thing on for his own amusement

by EDWIN SHRAKE

Waco Turner came out of the Turner Lodge on a crest above the 18th green last Thursday afternoon and got behind the wheel of his new tin Cadillac. As the car bounced off down a dirt road and onto the golf course, a 22-caliber rifle and a .410 shotgun rattled on the floorboard of the back seat. "Them's for turtles," said Waco Turner. "Turtles eat the fish in my lakes, and I shoot the turtles." Peering through dark glasses that balanced on a freckled nose be-

tween vaguely Indian-looking cheekbones, Waco Turner guided his Cadillac down the middle of a fairway. A golf ball kicked up dust a few yards ahead. "Why, I might get hit out here," Turner said, surprised. Suddenly he veered the Cadillac across the fairway, through a patch of Johnson-grass rough, across another fairway and onto a shale path. Golfers looked up, grinned and waved as the Cadillac passed among them. Nobody seemed to mind. This, after all, was

Waco Turner's tournament and Waco Turner's golf course, and it was accepted that Waco Turner could drive his Cadillac anywhere he pleased. By late Sunday afternoon Waco Turner's Cadillac still had not been thanked by a golf ball. Waco Turner's golfers had won \$20,000 purse money and \$19,235 bonus money, and Waco Turner's 1964 champion was a virtual unknown, Pete Brown, who collected \$3,040, all told, for shooting an eight-under-par 280 to beat Dan Sikes by one stroke and become, as a consequence, the first Negro ever to win an official PGA tournament.

It was his own sort of fierce individualism that made Waco Turner build the golf course on which his annual Poor Boy Open was held in remote Burneyville, Okla.—an old Chickasaw Indian village near the muddy Red River on the Texas-Oklahoma border. For three years Turner held his tournament at Dornack Hills Country Club in the town of Ardmore (pop. 20,184), some 30 miles to the north. But that did not work out, because people kept getting in Waco's way. Like most of the men who came up in the tough oil fields of 40 years ago, Turner cannot abide people getting underfoot or asking too many questions.

"I ran this tournament up at Ardmore until the board of directors of Dornick Hills started trying to tell me what to do," Turner said, steering his Cadillac between two of the ponds that make the front nine of his golf course look, from the entrance to the grounds, like a rice paddy. "Nobody is going to tell me what to do. I just moved down here to this 800 acres my daddy had owned since 1894, and I built my own golf course, and I have my own golf tournament, and there ain't no board of directors except me."

If there were a board of directors, the Poor Boy Open (officially sanctioned by the PGA as the Waco Turner Open) might never have been approved. The event conflicts with the Las Vegas Tournament of Champions, which assures Turner of hardly ever getting the pro tour's currently successful players. Turner does not even get his defending champion back—the winner qualifies for next year's Tournament of Champions. None of this bothers Waco Turner in the least. The Poor Boy Open charges no admission fees and seldom has a gallery, other than Turner in his Cadillac. The idea of the tournament is to give the losers a place to earn money while the winners play at Las Vegas, and the tour's losers flock in because this is often their biggest payday. To help the losers even more, Turner hands out bonuses—\$500 for a hole in one, \$100 for the low daily round, \$50 for an eagle, \$25 for a chip-in and \$15 for a birdie. The bonus money has never been less than \$18,000. None of that, or the purse money, Turner insists, is written off his income tax. He holds his tournament because he likes to.

"I used to run cattle, goats and hogs on this place," Turner said as he stopped the Cadillac to watch Buster Cupit hit a drive. "Golf is better. I designed this course myself. Over there, you see those ponds by that green? We tried to dig sand traps there, but water came up out of the crawdad holes, so now we got water hazards."

The Cadillac rumbled off again and swung past a metal hangar that threw flashes of sunlight near the first tee. Inside the hangar were Turner's twin-engine Cessna 310 and a dusty black Cadillac limousine that belonged to Turner's late wife, Opie, and has hardly been driven since she died two years ago. During the proper seasons the hangar floor is piled with pumpkins and watermelons from the gardens that edge some of the fair-

ways. The gardens and orchards around the course also yield pears, peaches, onions, radishes, cucumbers and beets that are canned in the kitchen of the lodge or served in the dining room.

Passing the hangar and the road that leads to the airstrip, the Cadillac turned up the hill beside the golf shop—a building that much resembles a fire hall—and crunched through the gravel past Turner's own cottage. Beyond, on the road, was a white Buick station wagon. A couple of caddies with golf bags sprawled on the rear gate of the station wagon, and up front sat golfers being ferried the half mile from the 9th green to the 10th tee. Turner, a wisp of a man even when seen at his tallest, slumped low behind the wheel, his dark glasses barely clearing the dashboard, nodded at the caddies and turned the Cadillac down toward the 18th green again.

Something was happening at 18. A

few yards away a boy was tugging at the neck of a big black Labrador retriever. The handful of people around the green were laughing. A young amateur golfer, Jim Hardy of Oklahoma State University, was standing as if undecided whether to laugh or to whack the dog with his putter. Turner asked what was wrong.

"This dog has got Jim Hardy's ball," somebody said. "He run on the green and picked it up and took off with it."

"Make him put it back," Turner said in his hoarse, rasping voice.

"He's done chewed on it so's it won't roll."

"Well, drop another where that one was and keep playing," said Turner. Among other things, Turner is on the PGA Advisory Board, and he makes the rulings at his golf tournament.

"Where's that Australian fella?" Turner asked. That Australian fella was Bruce Crampton, whose victory in the

continued



As play goes on behind him, third-day leader Dudley Wysong and wife enjoy a water hazard.

Texas Open the week before was too late to qualify him for the Tournament of Champions, which has the Masters as its cutoff date. Someone said Crampton had finished his round.

"Then I'm going to the house," said Turner. "At 3 o'clock in the afternoon I like to get me a jug of bourbon and a jug of water and sit down and drink them and not have nobody bother me. I stay in about an hour or so. That's restful. [After resting last week he would emerge to take the wheel of his Cadillac again.] But golf is restful, too. I got interested in golf when I was in the Army down at Fort Sam Houston in World War I. I used to work for this captain. I'd shine his shoes and shine his boots and carry his golf bag, and he'd let me hit a ball now and then. Oh, I was a great soldier. I was a pilot in the cavalry. I'd clean up behind the horses on the picket line, and I'd pilot somewhere. The colonel would come along and say why did you pilot here? Pilot over there."

That was, perhaps, the only time in his life that Waco Turner had to take orders, and it left a lasting distaste for discipline. As a boy he lived with his father, who had been sent to Indian Territory by the Department of Interior to teach Indians and settlers in the little Burneyville school. Turner grew up in a cabin where a cedar tree now stands at the entrance to the grounds of Turner Lodge. He used to sell baskets of eggs and sorghum buckets of milk to Chickasaw Indians at Walnut Bayou, which was down in the valley where 60 years later Waco Turner built a golf course.

Oilmen are a mysterious lot. The old ones kept their books between their ears, and their contracts were a nod. A man who went around talking about everything he did was a fool. The survivors of the breed—men like Waco Turner, who is 73—like to leave their pasts tangled in myth and supposition, and their empires unexplained.

But the most likely story is that in 1921 Turner, who is part Chickasaw and whose first name came from the Waco Indians, another tribe in the Southwest, was a teacher in a schoolhouse at Overbrook, Okla. He had spent time at Southeastern State College in Durant, Okla. after his Army discharge, and he had recently married O. P. James, who changed the spelling to Opie so she could have a name.

Every day on the way to Overbrook,

Turner passed a cable tool rig that was drilling for oil. Turner became friendly with the drillers and tool wrestlers. One evening as Turner arrived at the drilling site he smelled oil and heard gas spewing. The crew was waiting for more pipe and equipment before drilling in. The well had hit. Turner did not go home that night.

At 9 the next morning, as the students at the Overbrook school began to wonder where their teacher was, Waco rode up on a lathered, exhausted pony. He rang the school bell and dismissed class. Borrowing another horse from a neighbor, he rode away again. Before another sunrise, he was wealthy. By punishing himself and his horses, he had taken options on territory surrounding the oil field that was about to boom.

In the oil business a man can be rich one day and broke the next. It has happened to thousands, and it happened to Waco Turner. By 1931 he was hanging around the oil fields in East Texas and carrying his own mug to bum coffee from the men on the drilling rigs. Somehow, by fast talk, shrewd judgment and luck, he picked up a lease in Gregg County and persuaded a driller to put down a

wildcat well for him. The oil was there. Waco Turner had his second fortune within 10 years, and he had the leisure to think about golf again as well as the money to walk around a course without having to haul a captain's clubs.

Turner lived big. He bought a house and yacht in Florida. He caught a blue marlin off Key Largo that hangs on the wall of his Oklahoma lodge. He went to the golf tournaments at Pinehurst and White Sulphur Springs and the other posh places of the South. He brought in another oil field in Velma-Alma in southwestern Oklahoma. He built up what has been estimated as a bankroll of \$40 million. In those days Turner called a million dollars a "barrel," and he scattered his money through dozens of banks. When he needed cash for something or other, he would tell his friends, "I'll just go bung another barrel."

By 1952 Turner had decided to have his own golf tournament. He chose a date that conflicted with the Sam Snead Festival in White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. The Snead tournament was by invitation, and Turner wanted to do something for the left-outs. An official of the Snead Festival phoned Turner and said,



in the softest of southern accents, "Mis-tuh Tunah, doan yew ree-lize yew woun have Misuh Sneed at yoah tuh-namit?"

"That's all right," came the answer "You won't have Waco Turner at yours."

It was at Dornick Hills in 1952 that Turner instituted his bonus system. That year he paid the money in cash out of potato sacks, the bills wadded and crumpled like the loot from a crap game. But he decided more money was being stolen than paid in bonuses, and the procedure now is to pay by check. In 1960 Turner sold all his oil holdings, retired to his father's old farm at Burneyville, and began to build his \$2 million lodge and golf course. In 1961 he held the first Poor Boy Open there, thus providing himself with all the golf he can watch through the windows of his Cadillac.

The pros are grateful. "Waco Turner has done more for golf in this section than any 10 men," says Labron Harris Sr., coach of the NCAA championship golf team at Oklahoma State and father of the 1962 National Amateur champion, Labron Jr. "Nobody knows all the nice things Waco does for people. If you ask him about them, he'll tell you it's a damn lie."

That, in the last analysis, is the feeling you get about Waco Turner's golf club: this place, you think, must be a damn lie. To the northeast, the land falls off into a vast green pasture of fairways broken by oaks and pecan trees and splashed by lakes and marshes where wild ducks swim among the reeds. In the lakes are channel catfish, bluegills, Texas perch and the turtles Turner blasts with his rifle and shotgun. In 12 hours last week a tournament official caught 100 pounds of catfish for a Friday night fish fry from one of the course's water hazards. From the lake banks, bullfrogs make their peculiar deep thinking sound. The bullfrogs grow to a monstrous size. Some, the natives assure you, swallow golf balls and drown.

The main road goes along a crest above the lakes and the front nine of the golf course. Strung out on the crest are the golf shop, five cottages and the lodge, which has 35 hotel rooms in all. These are rented to golfers or fishermen approved by Waco Turner. The back nine of the golf course lies to the northwest, hilly country where the greens and fairways are tucked among the woods and an occasional pond glints through the trees.

Waco Turner is master over this domain. He presides like a feudal lord. He has an organist drive out from Ardmore to play *Red River Valley* for evening songs. Anyone he does not like is ordered off the property. His only concession is to tornadoes, for this is their country even more than his. Burneyville is in an area known as Tornado Alley, and a tornado alert was in force during the second day of the tournament last week. The lodge has been constructed with so much steel that radios will hardly work inside its walls, and the guest rooms have trap doors that lead down to a storm cellar.

The golf course itself is good enough, tough enough and interesting enough to be a championship one if Turner cared to make it that. But he prefers that this land—where he still raises grain and maize for the quail and pheasants—be played purely for his own amusement, and for the profit of the losers who do not get to go to the Tournament of Champions. "We can't let them big shots in Las Vegas have all the money," he said last week as he cruised the course in his Cadillac. "Now can we?" The poor boys hope not.

END

A lean caddy who looks like a cowboy awaits a shot on the Oklahoma spread where Oilman Waco Turner built himself a \$2 million golf course.



THE TORMENTS OF EXCELLENCE

by JACK OLSEN

Detroit's Al Kaline looks like a man who plays with consummate ease as well as rare skill, but he is finding it hard to follow baseball's toughest act: himself



In a world fraught with inconsistencies, unpredictabilities and galloping variables, it is a pleasure to report that spring has sprung in the traditional manner in Detroit. The flowers are popping up in Belle Isle park, the automobile plants are booming night and day, and everybody is wondering what's the matter with Al Kaline (see cover). Everybody has been wondering what's the matter with Al Kaline ever since he made the tactical error of winning the American League batting championship at the age of 20, the youngest player in history to make that mistake. To understand why this is a mistake, one must first understand a baseball truism most recently re-expressed by that skilled practitioner of brushback and typewriter, James Patrick Brosnan, as follows: "Fans want the player to be not what he inherently is but what they think he ought to be." Fans think that anybody who wins the batting title at 20 should win it again four or five or 12 times. Kaline hasn't. Therefore something must be wrong with him.

If there has been any change at all in

Detroit's attitude toward the lean and shy outfielder, it is merely quantitative. Of late, the Kaline enigma has been discussed more and more loudly and more and more persistently by college professors and semiskilled seat-spring assemblers, waitresses and *grandes dames*, by everyone in Detroit who can tell a baseball from a free balloon. As a result of all this discussion, the expectable human reaction has begun to set in. What people cannot figure out they tend to dislike. And Al Kaline, the best all-round ballplayer the Tigers have had since Charley Gehringer, is finding himself disliked. Not long ago he stepped to the plate in a home game to the accompaniment of a Shostakovich symphony of boos and catcalls. One would have thought that Joe DiMaggio had put the old pinstripe back on and returned to hit against the Tigers with the bases loaded; not even Liberace has been booed like that.

While these hostilities were being ventilated, a kindly and gifted sportswriter, long addicted to the wonders of the Ti-

gers and their star right fielder, was stomping about the windswept press box announcing to all who would listen: "As far as I'm concerned, Al Kaline can go take a jump. I've had 10 years of Al Kaline and that's enough!" A few feet away, another expert was collecting his own thoughts about Kaline and coming to a conclusion that he was later to proclaim over the electric radio: "Personally, we feel Kaline should be traded now before his value to the team diminishes even more." The ultimate in non sequiturs was expressed by someone who should know better, and who therefore shall remain nameless. "Maybe the Tigers should trade Kaline," this man observed. "After all, they've never won a pennant with him!" This particular approach to the laws of cause and effect would have made a shambles of the good names of Baron von Richthofen, Haile Schassie and Chuck Klein, but rationality has never been the long suit of the disgruntled baseball fan.

In fact, there are no villains in the Al Kaline story. Not the fans who booed;

continued

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'64 CORVETTE STING RAY BY CHEVROLET

they only know what they see, and they have been seeing a slumping Kaline. Not the insiders, the habitués of the press box, Kaline has indeed been a difficult subject for them, combining reticence and taciturnity with a seeming indifference and, lately, even rudeness. And certainly nobody can blame Al Kaline himself, the party of the first part, a child who was thrust full-blown into a world in which nothing he ever did was good enough and excellence brought its own torments.

Kaline is one of the last of an almost prehistoric type of ballplayer, the kid who makes it not because of physique but in spite of it. Walk into a baseball clubhouse nowadays and you see *The Body Beautiful* all around you: smoothly muscled, superbly built young men like Sandy Koufax, Frank Robinson, Mackey Mantle. But not many years ago you would see bandy-legged little guys who make it on gristle and shank, on skills honed in thousands of games on sandlots that no longer exist, on guts and drive and gall.

Al Kaline is not bandy-legged, but neither is he a strong athlete, and he has had to overcome physical limitations that would have driven a lesser man to pack it in long ago. He has always had osteomyelitis, a persistent bone disease, and when he was 8 years old doctors took two inches of bone out of his left foot, leaving jagged scars and permanent deformity. This slowed Kaline down only slightly, and only temporarily. His father, Nicholas, his uncles, Bob and Fred, and his grandfather, Philip, had all been sensaprop catchers from the Eastern Shore of Maryland, a place that had spawned major leaguers as Miami Beach spawns grouchies. One may assume that the first long discussions heard around the family hearth by the infant Albert William Kaline were not about the repeal of the Volstead Act or high protective tariffs. The Kaline family was poor, proud and hungry—no Kaline had ever graduated from high school—and before long the whole clan had decided that little Al was going to be something different.

Down the street from the family's brown-front row house in south Baltimore was a vacant lot (such things are now extinct in cities) where the men of the gas and electric company assembled at lunchtime to sneak in 30 or 40 minutes of softball. After the games Kaline's mother would see the boy, not yet old enough for school, running pell-mell

around the bases, all alone, ruining his pants with daring slides to beat throws that were never made. At the ripe old age of 6 he was adjudged skilled enough to be permitted to shag flies and warm up pitchers for the lunchtime frolickers, and within a few years he was welcomed into the game as an equal. At 11 he flung a softball 173 feet 6 inches to set a new elementary school record. The judges did not believe their eyes; so he repeated the feat. Naturally, he became a hard-ball pitcher; the best ballplayer in any neighborhood always seems to be asked to pitch, no matter what his natural position is, e.g., Stan Musial, Babe Ruth. In a league of 10-to-12-year-olds, Kaline's record was 10 and 0. In high school the coach reckoned the boy was too small to make it as a pitcher and too fragile to make it as a second baseman; so he planted Kaline in the outfield. In four years he hit .333, .418, .469 and .488 and made the All-Maryland team each year, a feat last accomplished by Charlie Keller.

By now the Kaline family had staked

the boy's whole future on baseball, the way Lower East Side families used to stake a son's future on the violin. On Sundays he would play in two and sometimes three games, with his father and his uncles shuttling him from game to game while he changed uniforms in the car. For one team he was hitting .824 at midseason, but tailed off to .609 at the end. By the time Kaline was signed to a \$10,000 bonus-salary arrangement with the Tigers at 18, he had played as much baseball as the average major leaguer plays in five or six seasons, a fact that goes a long way toward explaining why he was able to win the batting championship at 20 and has not won it since: he was at his peak at 20, and the pitchers, looking at the raw young kid of 150 pounds, simply could not bring themselves to admit that he was as good as he was. As Kaline says, "They've been outter with me ever since."

A childhood like Kaline's may produce a star ballplayer, but it is not guaranteed to produce a barrel of laughs. Says Kaline: "I suffered a lot as a kid playing

continued



THREE MEN IN A TUB are Kaline (right), Pitcher Hank Aguirre (center) and Catcher John Sullivan, all seeking to ease their aching muscles and minor ails in an oversize whirlpool bath.

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AL KALINE continued

in all those games. You know how Baltimore is real hot in the summer? When everybody was going on their vacations, going swimming with all the other kids, here I was Sundays playing doubleheaders and all because I knew I wanted to be a ballplayer and my dad always told me, "You're gonna have to work hard and you're gonna have to suffer if you're gonna be a ballplayer. You're gonna have to play and play all the time."

"There was a couple times when I told my dad I wasn't gonna play Sunday, I was gonna go down to the beach with my girl or with a bunch of the guys to go swimming. And he says, 'Now look, like I told you in the beginning when you agreed to play for these people, they're gonna be counting on you, so if you're not gonna play tell 'em to tear your contract up.' So I would go play, but it was these things he did to me that showed me the right way and pushed me the right way."

Kaline was a dutiful son; when the Tigers thrust something in the neighborhood of \$15,000 in cold cash on him (with \$15,000 to come later in salary), he turned every penny of it over to his father, who was working in a broom factory, and his mother, who was scrubbing floors. The mortgage was paid off on the house, Mrs. Kaline's failing eyesight was saved by an operation, and young Al drove up to Connie Mack Stadium to take his maiden cut as a major leaguer. He fled out to center on the first pitch, and was so nervous that he has no memory of going to the plate, swinging or returning to the dugout. Within a few years Ted Williams was saying: "There's a hitter. In my book he's the greatest right-handed hitter in the league. There's no telling how far the kid could go." Said a well-known manager: "This fellow is amazing. You ask yourself four questions. Can he throw? And the answer is yes. Can he field the ball? And you answer yes. Is he active on the bases? Yes, you'd have to say yes. And then, can he drive in the runs? The real test. And again you say yes. So he is an amazing fellow."

He was, in his early years in the majors, more amazing than even Casey Stengel realized, and at the same time he did everything with fluid ease. Dale Mitchell rapped a ball into right field and Kaline barely missed a sprawling shoestring catch. The ball rolled a few feet away and Mitchell scouted for sec-

ond. Kaline threw him out from a sitting position. In a game against the White Sox, when he was 19 years old, Kaline threw out Fred Marsh trying to score from second on a single, Minnie Minoso trying to stretch a single into a double and Chico Carrasquel trying to go from first to third on another single. The only people who believed it were those in the ball park, and they were not sure. At Yankee Stadium, with the Tigers ahead by one run and the Yankees threatening with two outs and two on in the last of the ninth, Mickey Mantle hit a ball so hard and so far that Mel Allen's broadcasting assistant whooped, "The Yankees win five to four!" as he counted the base runners coming across. In the Tiger clubhouse the equipment man angrily flipped the radio off and waited for the Tigers to mope in. They came in yelling and laughing. Kaline had raced to the auxiliary scoreboard, leaped and twisted high in the air, supported himself against the scoreboard with his bare hand and caught the ball backhanded to end the game.

But the question, in his first few years, was not whether he was a good enough fielder; everybody knew he was that. "It was there because I was a fielder," Kaline says. "That's what kept me in the league. The question was: Did I have enough bat?"

His first season as a regular, 1955, answered that question. At .340, he out-hit Mickey Mantle by 34 points and Willie Mays by 21. Among other feats of batsmanship that year, he made four hits in five at bats one day against the Kansas City A's, three of the bats were home runs and two of the home runs came in a single inning, a feat accomplished by only five other American League players. He was compared to Ty Cobb, and after that everything was bound to be Bridgeport.

Looking back, Kaline cannot help feeling resentment. "The worst thing that happened to me in the big leagues was the start I had. This put the pressure on me. Everybody said this guy's another Ty Cobb, another Joe DiMaggio. How much pressure can you take? What they didn't know is I'm not that good a hitter. They kept saying I do everything with ease. But it isn't that way. I have to work as hard if not harder than anybody in the league. I'm in spring training a week early every year. I've worked with a heavy bat in the winter, swinging

continued



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AL KALINE *continued*

it against a big bag. I've squeezed rubber balls all winter long to strengthen my hands. I've lifted weights, done push-ups, but my hitting is all a matter of timing. I don't have the kind of strength that Mantle or Mays have, where they can be fooled on a pitch and still get a good piece of the ball. I've got to have my timing down perfect or I'm finished. Now you take a hitter like me, with all the concentration and effort I have to put into it—I'm not crying about it, it's just a fact—and imagine how it feels to be compared to Cobb. He was the greatest ballplayer that ever lived. To say that I'm like him is the most foolish thing that anybody can make a comparison on. Do you realize there's old people that come to Tiger Stadium and they saw Cobb play ball, and they look at me and they say how can I be as good as Cobb? They throw all this pressure on my shoulders and I don't think it's justified and I don't think it's fair to compare anybody with Cobb. I'll tell you something else: I'm not in the same class with players like Mays or Musial or Henry Aaron, either. Their records over the last five seasons are much better than mine."

In the first few years after he won the batting championship, Kaline went into frequent depressions over his inability to give the fans what he knew they expected. He would come into the clubhouse after a game and slump in front of his locker, speaking to no one. "But I didn't really sulk, the way the newspapermen said I did," he claims. "I was just quiet, and when a newspaperman came up to me and said, 'Nice game,' or something like that, I'd just say, 'Thank you.' I would never prolong the conversation, and the guys who didn't know me would say, 'Look at this stuck-up kid.' But it was just my way. I don't talk much. I don't like to make people mad at me, and if you talk too much you're gonna put your foot in your mouth sooner or later."

On top of these pressures, the front office began to apply the screws to Kaline. "They told me to be more colorful, that I could bring more people into the ball park if I was more colorful. But how could I do that? I could jump up and down on the field and make an ass out of myself arguing with umpires, but I'm not made up that way. I could make

continued



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easy catches look hard, but I'm not made that way either."

The result of all these subtle difficulties is The Al Kaline Problem, the certain harbinger of spring in Detroit. But is there a genuine problem or is it ersatz? Charley Dreesen votes for ersatz. "He's not hitting now," says the cherubic little manager and gourmet. "but what does that mean? Nothing. When a man is an established hitter like Kaline, you know what he's gonna do. The pitchers are getting him out now, but later on in the season somebody's gonna suffer."

It is true that Kaline at 29 seems overplayed, tired both physically and emotionally. He does not have a rapport with Dreesen; although each publicly equates the other with Alexander of Macedon, there is antipathy underneath, and it will be a long time healing. Kaline was one of three or four players who complained vehemently about the firing of Manager Bob Scheffing last year. "He made me a good ballplayer," Kaline says, "and I was really devoted to him." Scheffing did not make Kaline a good ballplayer, that job was accomplished years before by Nick Kaline and Al's uncles—but Kaline's veneration of Scheffing is nonetheless real.

But the main difference in Al Kaline is that the new 1964 model does not seem to be having any fun. To be sure, he claims that he is—"when it gets to be no fun you'll know it, because I won't be playing anymore." Not every man is gifted with the ability to know himself, and Kaline does not appear to be one of them. You might suppose that a man with a .309 lifetime batting average (same as Mantle's) and a place in the record books alongside Babe Ruth and a \$62,000-a-year salary and plenty of outside income would be having the time of his life, an orgy of joy. But talking to Kaline is like making funeral arrangements. In one breath he provides all the proper, time-honored remarks: "Detroit fans have really been good to me. . . . I think that Charley Dreesen knows more about baseball than any manager I've ever had. . . . I owe everything to baseball. Without it, I'd probably be a bum today." But his more meaningful comments are made between the lines, almost *sotto voce*: "The owners want you to eat baseball, drink baseball, think baseball. It's too much to expect. . . . The season should be cut in half. Double-headers should be banned. It takes me

Continued



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AL KALINE continued

three days to get over a doubleheader. . . . Spring training is overrated. I'll admit I'm bored with it. . . ." He sounds, at times, like an old lady with sore feet, and, in fact, he is a young man with sore feet. Very sore feet. No one except Kaline himself will ever know the agonies that have accompanied his long career as an athletic cripple, mostly because he has kept his mouth shut about it. When the doctors operated on him, they left him with a set of sharply swept-back toes on his left foot. Only two of those toes touch the ground when he walks, which has forced him to develop a special running style: on the heel and toes of his right foot and on the side of his left foot. The fact that he gets to line drives with the style and skill of a Mantle or Mays is one of the athletic miracles of the ages. All Kaline will admit publicly is that his foot sometimes hurts him—"it's like a toothache in the foot." But there is a clearly discernible difference in his running as the game goes on. The Kaline who lopes out to his right-field position in the first inning runs almost normally; the Kaline who comes in after the last out is in pain and favoring the left foot. He is forever having his foot rubbed by Trainer Jack Homel to restore the circulation and relieve the pain. On top of that, he has suffered more than the average number of injuries, among them depressed fractures of both cheekbones, two beanings and a broken collarbone. Baseball has not been a frolic through sylvan glades for Al Kaline, and if a lot of Detroiters do not know it, at least one person does: General Manager Jim Campbell of the Tigers. "Al Kaline has had more reason to jake it than almost any ballplayer I know," says Campbell, "but I have never seen him give less than everything he had. That's the way he learned to play baseball, and that's the only way he knows how."

And what about all the suggestions that The Al Kaline Problem be solved by trading him off while he is still a valuable commodity? "Well, I'll tell you," says Campbell. "I would consider it. Yes, sir, I would. If the Giants would offer me Mays and Marichal and Cepeda for Kaline, I would have to give it some consideration." In the meantime, Campbell and Charley Dressen and the good people of Detroit will have to live with their problem. With a couple more problems like Al Kaline, the Tigers would be the Yankees.

END



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Every great sporting fixture has a special feel and texture, from the twin spires of Churchill Downs to the emerald lawns of Wimbledon. But none has a setting quite so wondrous as the Grand Prix of Monaco, an event for which an entire principality serves as backdrop. This Sunday's 22nd Monaco Grand Prix opens the 1964 world-championship season and, as Al Parker's paintings on the following pages reveal, the course is unique. It measures just under two miles and consists of the principality's streets. As Princess Grace and Prince Rainier watch from their red-velvet-draped dais opposite the pits near the yacht harbor, 16 single-seaters speed up from the sea at 120 mph, swerve into the principal square between the Hotel de Paris and the Casino, negotiate a series of sharp bends around the railroad station, scream along the quay to a 30-mph hairpin turn and then do it over again—100 times. From balconies, yachts, hillside perches, restaurants and bars, the 50,000 spectators witness an unforgettable tableau.

Through Monte Carlo's main square at nerve-stretching speed goes a Grand Prix car, and the Casino's wheels are for the hour eclipsed by those on the road.





As dawn spreads a soft glow across the Mediterranean sky, a tarpaulin-draped Formula Junior car rests mutely



in the parking space allotted it on Larvotto Beach. Soon it will have its hour in a preliminary to the Grand Prix.



Dropping steeply to a curve opposite the Monte Carlo railroad station, the racecourse plunges down to the sea.



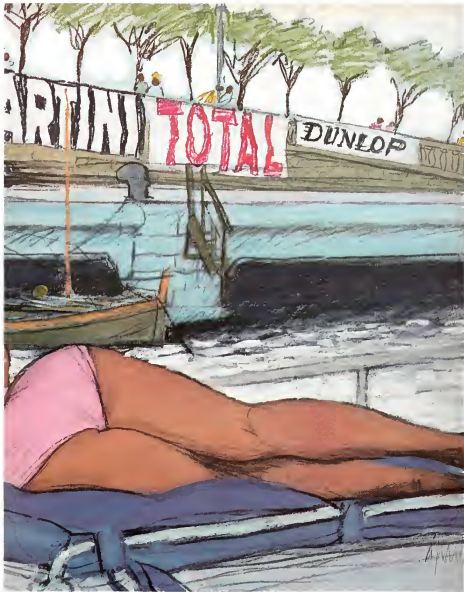
As if at a parade, Monegasques see the race from a strategic balcony on Boulevard Albert I near the harbor.

Bracketed by parallel legs of the circuit at harborside, the pits are a tense, noise-buffed command center.





As a racing car speeds along the harbor promenade, this fortunate lady, reclining on a yacht's deck, not only



has a splendid view of the Grand Prix but an opportunity to indulge the Mediterranean passion for sunbathing.

To the victor goes a huge wreath—and the satisfaction of mastering a course uniquely beautiful and perilous.



Monte Carlo Travel Facts: The Thing to Do Is Join the Club

PLAYING THERE: Although Riviera seasons are almost as imperceptible as the boundaries that separate the 370-acre principality of Monaco from France (Monaco's only frontiers are flowers, wrote Colette), the Grand Prix, illustrated on the preceding pages, marks the end of the old-fashioned English, or winter, season of indoor galas, operas and concerts and the beginning of summer, when seemingly all Monaco but the croupiers moves out of doors. From an aerial on the Moyenne Corniche, the winding highway terraced out from, then turning into, the cliff's high above the overlapping towns of Monte Carlo, Monaco-Ville and La Condamine, a motorist looks down on the greatest concentration of sporting clubs on the Riviera and probably in Europe. The delightful surprise to the American visitor is that all of these facilities are costly available to him, and are not merely the special playground of Prince Rainier and his friend Aristotle Onassis, who makes tax-free Monaco his headquarters, owns great chunks of the real estate and is the principal shareholder in the Casino. All one has to do in this playground (less than half the size of Central Park) where the only industry is pleasure and passports are not required, is join the club. Joining the club is not a matter of difficulty, as it is in many another resort. The Yacht Club de Monaco, for example, practices international club reciprocity. Membership for foreign visitors who are members of any water-oriented club back home—sail, motorboat, skin-diving or even canoe—is only \$8. Once a member, an agreeable foreign sportsman will have no difficulty making friends who will offer to take him sailing, not for money but for the fun of it. "We are sportsmen, not businessmen making money out of sport," says Yacht Club Secretary Pierre Mursan. The club also has Snipes and a Caravelle to lend members who know how to sail, instructors to teach those who do not. Deep-sea fishing boats are almost impossible to charter on most of the Riviera. At the Yacht Club there are well-outfitted fishing craft for hire at \$90 per day, but these will seldom be needed. The gregarious European sports fishermen welcome Americans to their private boats to seek the 30-to-60-pound Mediterranean tuna—small by Atlantic standards, but a man can catch 30 in a day.

Skin-diving members can rent scuba gear for \$8 or \$10 per day and explore the sea-bottom cliffs, which are a favorite diving ground of Commandant Jacques-Yves Cousteau, a former club president. There are also two 2,000-year-old Roman galleys to ex-

plore in the harbor, one 40 feet down, another a deep 60, but filled with amphorae. On the cliff above there is one of the world's best oceanographic museums, the life work of Prince Albert I, Rainier's great-grandfather. No spear fishing is allowed—the club shares Cousteau's horror of "massacring fish." There are Yacht Club regattas and fishing tournaments all summer long. The Yacht Club also has a power fleet. The Genoa-to-San Remo-to-Monaco powerboat race will be held July 5. The biggest sailing race, the Trophée du Yacht Club, from Bandol to Ile de la Gorgone to Monaco, takes place August 4 to August 8.

The Monte Carlo Golf Club, an 18-hole, par-66 links, resembles the more sporting courses of the Scottish highlands. "We do everything possible to make foreign golfers at home," says the club secretary, Englishman Anthony Bushel. The hospitality is as broad as the view—the course is at Mont Agel, 2,600 feet above the sea. For nine holes one looks at the snow-topped Alps; for the other nine, the Mediterranean. Green fees all year round are only \$3 per day, and there are clubs for hire. Prince Rainier plays here four or five times a week.

The Monte Carlo Country Club, like everything else in town, overlooks the sea. It has 20 fine clay tennis courts, squash racquets courts, volleyball and badminton. A year's membership is \$50, a day card \$2.50.

As at Capri and Sorrento, the landscape plunges into the sea, with Monte Carlo clinging to its rocks and promontories, leaving very little room for anything like the American concept of a first-rate beach. The Monte Carlo Beach Club has cornered the best sand beach, a curving, cabana-lined strip. There are also an Olympic pool, a poolside restaurant and the most provocative bikinis in the principality. Admission and a caban at "Le Beach" is \$1.50, with rates increasing to \$2.20 in July and August.

This lack of sandy shore is compensated in part by spectacular swimming pools. One of them, of Olympic dimensions, is built right out into the harbor and is heated for year-round swimming. Another, at the Hotel de Paris, is a splendid oval under glass, with a sauna attached for winter use.

In February only, there is shooting at the Tir aux Pigeons, directly below the Casino—plastic birds are the targets, shot out to sea, and the cost is \$20 per day plus \$2 for the targets. Most popular spectator sport is professional soccer—Monaco won the European championship last year and is in second place currently in French championship play. The Louis II Stadium is the team's home grounds,

where the last game will be played May 31. Play resumes in August.

But the ornate century-old Casino remains the heart of Monte Carlo's sporting life. The principal games are roulette, chemin de fer, baccarat and American-style craps. It costs 80¢ to get into the public rooms, another 60¢ to the *villas privées*. The minimum wager is 80¢, the maximum \$2,000. The Casino is a dressy place—no jeans or St. Tropez T shirts here. The Sporting Club is a large nightclub establishment that specializes in the kind of *gala* evenings that are a Riviera trademark: dinner and dancing on a seaside terrace, black tie, white jackets, fireworks and spectacles featuring a corps de ballet. There is also gambling.

STAYING THERE: There are 35 hotels in Monaco. The premier one since 1880 has been the Hotel de Paris. It is to Monte Carlo what the Negresco is to Nice, the Carlton to Cannes. A single here, European plan, goes for \$12 to \$10, a double from \$16 to \$40 per day. Suites are astronomically higher. The Metropole is less ornate, no less distinguished and a lot less costly: \$8 to \$12 for a single, \$16 to \$22 per double. The best middle-class hotel is the Helder, where a double with bath can be had for \$10.

EATING THERE: Of Monaco's 85 restaurants, the panoramic Roof Grill of the Hotel de Paris is the first choice when price does not matter. Depending largely on the wine one selects—the Grill has the best *cuvée* on the Riviera—a dinner will run from \$10 to \$15 per person. In the \$5-to-\$10-per-person category the best restaurants are Le Bee Rouge (where Princess Grace and Prince Rainier frequently dine), Rampold and Le Sorrento. Unfortunately, there are no little dockside seafood restaurants. For these, natives cross over into France, where they find—more easily than at home—such Monegasque specialties as *pesaïolière* (anchovy, olive-and-onion tart). One unforgettable excursion out of the principality is to Eze-Village, perched on its eagle's nest on top of the Baie Corniche, with all the Riviera strung out in lights below. The Chevre d'Or is the place to dine.

GETTING THERE: If you're flying, Nice is the airport destination—30 minutes from Monte Carlo by bus or car. From New York, Pan Am flies to Nice via Lisbon and Barcelona; Air France makes a stop in Paris. Either way, the first-class round-trip fare is \$837, the economy jet fare, \$503.50. From Paris, the Blue Train departs each evening from the Gare de Lyon at 8:03, arrives in Monte Carlo at 9:25 in the morning. A single sleeping compartment is \$58.45. **END**



CHAMP OF THE CHOP AND LOOP

Erwin Klein (above) the new national table tennis champion, is a master of the new strokes that have made the onetime basement game faster and trickier than ever

by **BARBARA LA FONTAINE**

For the spectator, top-level competitive table tennis is now all cream. With the introduction of the layered sponge-rubber racket the game has become so fast that it is a sport consisting entirely of the seconds of the windup and the swing in baseball, the pass and the catch in football, of the final determining putts in golf. For the player, it is a game of unremitting tension, and with few exceptions the top men are as jumpy and reactive a lot as you will find.

"It gets so fast," Erwin Klein, the new U.S. Open champion, said last week after winning the title, "that if you wait to see where the ball goes you miss it. You have to anticipate. To play close to the table takes nerve. You give up any advantage of time, so for the most effective shot you draw your opponent in as close as possible so he loses time. Players have developed the game to such a point that often there is no defense; there's no real defense against a ball you can't see."

Erwin Klein is a fine broth of a boy who looks just off a boat from Dublin, but who was in fact just off the freeway from his home in Los Angeles. He has a mop of red hair and the redhead's fair complexion, and at 25 he has surely a greater range of strokes and style of play, and more command of them, than any player in the country. Furthermore, his strokes now include that strategic weapon that was sprung on the U.S. in Prague last year: the loop drive.

The loop is not spectacular. If a man can return it, an untrained eye will never even recognize the shot. But if it is played to an untrained opponent, the ball will rise straight off his racket for no apparent reason, if he gets his racket on it at all. If he does not, the ball skids off the table. The loop has to be played off an opponent's chop. The racket is brought up across the ball, so as to accentuate the spin already on it, rather than to counteract or reverse it. After Prague a pair of English table tennis players were imported to teach the loop to the Americans; Klein was out-looping his instructors the first night and beating them both. "And when we go to the World's in Yugoslavia we'll have a couple of new strokes," he says

with the cheerful air of a boy who has been down in the cellar earnestly inventing something that may well blow up the house.

Klein used the loop with total effectiveness on Bobby Fields in their final match for the 34th U.S. Open Table Tennis Championships, held in Inglewood, Calif., an L.A. suburb. ("You might say he looped to conquer," a USITTA official choraled.)

The 23-year-old Fields, of Pasadena, is capable of fine table tennis and has got a loop shot himself, but, lean and high-strung, he is not yet on top of his game. He played a handsome semifinal match against Marty Doss of New York and Pasadena, with series after series of ascending long lobs that dropped fatly on the end of the table, forcing Doss to return further lobbable balls until Fields could put one away off a corner. But against the composed and accomplished Klein, who was ranked third to Fields's second, the excitable Fields went down in three break games.

Klein's real competition came in the semifinals from the defending champion, Polish-born Bernard Bukiet, now of New York. An impossible 46 years old in a game where the 25-year-old's reflexes may be going, Bukiet is not a man easily rattled, and he is not a man you can defeat with a loop shot; Bukiet does not chop. He plays a tough offensive game, essentially the game that Klein himself would choose. "My most comfortable style," Klein says, "is against someone with whom I can rhythmically exchange drives until I get one I like and put it away. But if Bukiet gets rhythmic, you can't shake him loose. So I tried to change my pace, to force him. I was playing a style that is not my best, but the difference between it and his complement to it was enough for me to win." Klein won 22-20, 21-12, 19-21, 21-12 in a gorgeous four-game match, the best of the three-day tournament.

"People think table tennis is in the wrist," Klein observed afterwards. "Actually it's in the upper legs and the lower back." Along with his range of style and strokes, one should probably take into account the 21 years Klein has on Bernie Bukiet.

continued



STOLID NEW YORKER. Bernard Bukiet, last top ranking when Klein beat him in semifinals.



HIGH-STRUNG CALIFORNIAN. Bobby Fields, ranked second, fell to Klein in finals.

**ever
run
off
the
road
at
60
mph?**

Your hands freeze. Your heart pounds. You fight the car back toward solid pavement.

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CHOP AND LOOP CHAMP *continued*

It was a smallish gathering at this year's Open, held in the Inglewood High School gymnasium, but the lack of numbers surprised no one familiar with U.S. table tennis. The bulk of the country's players and audience are in the East, along the eastern seaboard or inhabiting a table tennis pocket around Detroit, and they seldom do go west. More to the point, there is not much bulk no matter where you go. Here in the U.S., where we feel fond of, and proprietary about, something we refer to as ping-pong and recall having played in the basement on rainy days, there are just 2,000 registered players and a grand total of 55 registered clubs. This must be compared with 3¼ million registered Communist Chinese players and 300,000 Japanese. The Orientals are the best table tennis players in the world today. On top are the Communist Chinese, with their table tennis academies for promising beginners, the usual Eastern totality of training and their custom of proceeding to tournament sites a month in advance with their own cooks, trainers, *et al.*, to settle down to work. By the time the competition descends, breathless, from the plane, the Chinese are virtually on home ground. Almost as successful are the Japanese, who sometimes even outplan their neighbors. They arrived in Sweden last year, for example, three months early just to practice playing against Swedes. Most of the Chinese and Japanese players use the "penholder" as opposed to the tennis grip on the racket. It is not certain that the grip is better. It is certain that the Easterners practice it more.

Table tennis is China's No. 1 sport, one of Japan's favorites. In Russia table tennis players do calisthenics and roadwork. England finds it deplorable that of her many table tennis clubs only 6,600 are affiliated with the ETFA. The ITTF, the international association, comprises 83 member nations (more than any other international sporting federation), and in number of participants the U.S. is one of the smallest.

The fact that most Americans do not really take table tennis seriously has a number of depressing consequences for those who do. The national association has virtually no funds, and helping the best players get around this country to tournaments, let alone around the world, is a continuing struggle. Table tennis clubs, where they do exist, have no more

continued



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than 20 or 30 members, and do not help much in transporting contestants.

"It's the basements," says J. Rufford Harrison, gloomily. Harrison, four years president of the USTTA and its present recording secretary and most active official, observes, "This is such an infernally rich country that everybody's got a basement and everybody's got a table in it. In England nobody's got a basement, so you have literally thousands of clubs." Klein has said, "In the Orient they have practice during the day and are used to playing at odd hours. An American table tennis player isn't worth a darn until the sun goes down." It should be pointed out that all the tables in all the U.S. basements do not indicate a particular interest in real table tennis. They are the remnants of the 1920's craze for the family game of ping-pong. It is a paradox that today, while billiard academies and bowling lanes have blossomed into shiny respectability, the public table tennis facilities, outside of the clubs and school recreation rooms, have been deteriorating into hangouts that make the old pool halls look like the ladies' aid society.

Along with no money, no clubs and no club spirit, of course, goes no regular competition for the real table tennis player. Table tennis in the Los Angeles and San Diego areas may be on the increase; Erwin Klein can now call to mind three, maybe four, opponents with whom he can practice. Previously there was no chance of working out with his equals, who were in New York, Detroit or the Army. You cannot polish up your loop shot against an auntie whose game is a relic of that fad of the '20s, and the almost total lack of even national competition makes world play just that much more unequal a battle. It represents a considerable triumph that, of the 83 nations, the U.S. men's team is ranked 10th. For three years in a row, 1935, 1936 and 1937, the U.S. men's doubles team took first place in world competition. The best we have done since then are two mixed doubles championships, one in 1947, the other in 1955, and a third in the men's singles in 1959, achieved by the redoubtable Richard Miles, who has been U.S. champion nine times.

The financial difficulties of the USTTA have produced what in other respects must be one of the richest sports associations in the country. "We can afford

continued



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CROP AND LTOP CHAMP

to make no distinctions," J. Rufford Harrison says contentedly. As a result, there is within the USTTA no amateur or professional categories, no shadow of a racial, religious or national bias, and only the most rudimentary provision for recognizing differences of age and sex. The U. S. table tennis team has been competing tranquilly with Communist China for years (as tranquilly as it can, overmatched as it is). "Of course, there's no such thing as an amateur over there," Harrison points out. "I think Brazil and Japan insist on pure amateurism," he says doubtfully, "and perhaps some others."

The top U.S. players run table tennis clubs, play exhibitions and coach table tennis, and the association rejoices cordially over every penny they earn. As for nationality, you do not have to be a citizen of the U.S. to hold the U.S. championship. Harrison and incoming president Herman Prescott of Newport News, Va. think that the dethroned, Polish-born Bukiet might at some time have taken out citizenship papers, but they are neither of them at all certain. "I'm not a citizen," Harrison, who is English, adds, Prescott is a Negro. And in the Inglewood gym, though attendance was not large, one could hear German, Spanish and English English spoken, and tentative English with Chinese, Japanese, Hungarian, Serbo-Croatian, Polish and New York accents.

Carter Lenor of Tucson was there. Carter prefers to play in his bare feet, and favors a racket with no rubber on it at all. Judge Alexander came, wearing the polo shirt of the Miami Valley Table Tennis Haven. Walter Alexander is an 81-year-old ex-postal clerk from Cincinnati who does six pushups every morning and has not missed the nationals in 26 years. W. Yee and L. Lee of Vancouver, B.C. were present, happily also in shirts proclaiming them W. Yee and L. Lee, since otherwise, paired in the doubles, they would have been indistinguishable from behind.

The next world championships will be held in Ljubljana, Yugoslavia. Not until 1965, but already J. Rufford Harrison is practicing Serbo-Croatian at lunchtime. Erwin Klein is developing new strokes and Herman Prescott is thinking up ways to get money. Everybody is ready to charge out and get beaten again, but not without honor and a certain élan.

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2877, 2879, 2881, 2883, 2885, 2887, 2889, 2891, 2893, 2895, 2897, 2899, 2901, 2903, 2905, 2907, 2909, 2911, 2913, 2915, 2917, 2919, 2921, 2923, 2925, 2927, 2929, 2931, 2933, 2935, 2937, 2939, 2941, 2943, 2945, 2947, 2949, 2951, 2953, 2955, 2957, 2959, 2961, 2963, 2965, 2967, 2969, 2971, 2973, 2975, 2977, 2979, 2981, 2983, 2985, 2987, 2989, 2991, 2993, 2995, 2997, 2999, 3001, 3003, 3005, 3007, 3009, 3011, 3013, 3015, 3017, 3019, 3021, 3023, 3025, 3027, 3029, 3031, 3033, 3035, 3037, 3039, 3041, 3043, 3045, 3047, 3049, 3051, 3053, 3055, 3057, 3059, 3061, 3063, 3065, 3067, 3069, 3071, 3073, 3075, 3077, 3079, 3081, 3083, 3085, 3087, 3089, 3091, 3093, 3095, 3097, 3099, 3101, 3103, 3105, 3107, 3109, 3111, 3113, 3115, 3117, 3119, 3121, 3123, 3125, 3127, 3129, 3131, 3133, 3135, 3137, 3139, 3141, 3143, 3145, 3147, 3149, 3151, 3153, 3155, 3157, 3159, 3161, 3163, 3165, 3167, 3169, 3171, 3173, 3175, 3177, 3179, 3181, 3183, 3185, 3187, 3189, 3191, 3193, 3195, 3197, 3199, 3201, 3203, 3205, 3207, 3209, 3211, 3213, 3215, 3217, 3219, 3221, 3223, 3225, 3227, 3229, 3231, 3233, 3235, 3237, 3239, 3241, 3243, 3245, 3247, 3249, 3251, 3253, 3255, 3257, 3259, 3261, 3263, 3265, 3267, 3269, 3271, 3273, 3275, 3277, 3279, 3281, 3283, 3285, 3287, 3289, 3291, 3293, 3295, 3297, 3299, 3301, 3303, 3305, 3307, 3309, 3311, 3313, 3315, 3317, 3319, 3321, 3323, 3325, 3327, 3329, 3331, 3333, 3335, 3337, 3339, 3341, 3343, 3345, 3347, 3349, 3351, 3353, 3355, 3357, 3359, 3361, 3363, 3365, 3367, 3369, 3371, 3373, 3375, 3377, 3379, 3381, 3383, 3385, 3387, 3389, 3391, 3393, 3395, 3397, 3399, 3401, 3403, 3405, 3407, 3409, 3411, 3413, 3415, 3417, 3419, 3421, 3423, 3425, 3427, 3429, 3431, 3433, 3435, 3437, 3439, 3441, 3443, 3445, 3447, 3449, 3451, 3453, 3455, 3457, 3459, 3461, 3463, 3465, 3467, 3469, 3471, 3473, 3475, 3477, 3479, 3481, 3483, 3485, 3487, 3489, 3491, 3493, 3495, 3497, 3499, 3501, 3503, 3505, 3507, 3509, 3511, 3513, 3515, 3517, 3519, 3521, 3523, 3525, 3527, 3529, 3531, 3533, 3535, 3537, 3539, 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3873, 3875, 3877, 3879, 3881, 3883, 3885, 3887, 3889, 3891, 3893, 3895, 3897, 3899, 3901, 3903, 3905, 3907, 3909, 3911, 3913, 3915, 3917, 3919, 3921, 3923, 3925, 3927, 3929, 3931, 3933, 3935, 3937, 3939, 3941, 3943, 3945, 3947, 3949, 3951, 3953, 3955, 3957, 3959, 3961, 3963, 3965, 3967, 3969, 3971, 3973, 3975, 3977, 3979, 3981, 3983, 3985, 3987, 3989, 3991, 3993, 3995, 3997, 3999, 4001, 4003, 4005, 4007, 4009, 4011, 4013, 4015, 4017, 4019, 4021, 4023, 4025, 4027, 4029, 4

"There may be one or two people dropping in for breakfast on Saturday," Governor **Edward Breathitt** of Kentucky warned his wife. So, not wishing to seem imprudent, the hostess at the executive mansion in Frankfort laid in 15 country hams, 180 dozen eggs, several yards of sausages and enough beaten biscuit to pave a barnyard. The 1,000-odd guests who stopped by for a bite before taking the 40-mile trip to Louisville to watch the Derby pronounced it all delicious.

The Prime Minister of the new nation of Northern Rhodesia is such a firm believer in the benefits of physical fitness that he has turned his cabinet into a powerhouse soccer team (*below*). Premier **Kenneth Kaunda**, back row center in the picture, was so flushed with success after his ministers fought their way back to a draw from a 4-0 deficit in a recent game that he promptly flung a challenge overseas. "I should like our eleven," he said, "to take on the British cabinet." Whether **Queen Elizabeth** will ask **Sir Alec Douglas-Home** or **Harold Wilson** to form a

football team to defend her nation's honor has not been determined.

Main R. Bocher, who designs and sells fashionable frocks for a pretty penny under the name **Mainbocher**, has long been an advocate of the good life—the expensive good life, that is. But he may have argued his case too strongly. Last week, presumably in search of the life his boss recommends, **Arthur Keller**, the general manager of Mainbocher's glittering Fifth Avenue salon, was hauled into court for dipping heavily into the company till so that he could buy a \$79,000 yacht. "One of the reasons he went in for larceny," said a poetic prosecutor as the miscreant pleaded guilty, "was his burning desire to go down to the sea in ships with Mainbocher's money."

As every schoolboy knows, a BB gun is a Daisy air rifle, or at least it was until that other BB, France's sex kitten **Brigitte Bardot**, took to the air on behalf of the *Oeuvre d'Assistance aux Bêtes d'Abattoirs*, a French society dedicated to the prevention of cruelty to

animals about to be slaughtered. Thanks to BB's eloquent pleading over TV, the French government has now passed a law providing that all animals be shot with a special anesthetizing pistol before being slugged to death.

"I didn't expect to get this far," said crack golfer **Betty Grable James**, nervously checking her watch before putting the last hole. Tied for the lead at Phoenix in a women's southwestern golf tournament, Betty was due at that very moment to meet her husband **Harry James** who had just flown home from Tokyo. What should a good wife do? Betty muffed the putt, lost the silver and dutifully hastened to Harry.

Despite the ample arsenal on all sides, there was more shouting than shooting at the Moscow May Day ceremonies, but **Nikita Khrushchev** did manage to blast off once. Strolling along the Moskva River before the parade with henchmen **Anastas Mikoyan**, **Andrei Gromyko**, **Alexei Kossygin**, **Leonid Brezhnev** and visiting fireman **Ahmed Ben Bella**, President of left-leaning Algeria, hot-shot **Nikita** suggested a round of trap-shooting and promptly brought down the first clay pigeon himself.

The Los Angeles **Fats** of the onetime Brooklyn Dodgers is not the lippy old pool-hall pro, **Leo Durocher**, as one might suspect, but his boss, respectable **Walter Alston**—which may be one reason why the two have yet to meet over a pool table. Having shot a masterful run of 129 in a quiet game of lineup before the Dodgers' first game, Manager

Alston has sworn off for the duration. "It might not look good for me to be messing around a pool hall during the baseball season," says the cautious Walt.

Sojourning on the shores of Italy's Lake Como while he pores over notes for a forthcoming autobiography, West Germany's durable **Konrad Adenauer** is enjoying a reunion at 88 with an old boyhood love—the Italian game of bocce. "Bocce," says *Der Ate*, who takes time out every afternoon to play a round or two with local workmen, "is the finest game there is for settling the nerves and keeping the muscles in shape."

Svelte Princess **Scraya** of the Riviera and points east lost her job as Queen of Iran because she failed to give her husband a son and heir. But **Scraya** is taking no chances of being disqualified from her latest job—as a movie queen. In order to stay trim and glamorous enough to play the part of a princess in Dino De Laurentiis' new flick, *The Secret*, the ex-Queen is secretly playing tennis every morning before work on a carefully screened court in Rome.

If the crowds start chanting "We like Ike!" at The Merion Cricket Club a week or two from now, they will likely be cheering another winning team: As his running mate against Wizard of Ozman **Ray Bolger** and Fashion Plate **Jimmy Demure** in a forthcoming charity golf match, onetime habitual front-runner **Dwight D. Eisenhower** has picked that old four-time Master **Arnold Palmer** himself.





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Ford's up, Jaguar's on deck, Mercedes aims to play

An aggressive stance by Ford in road racing will bring back two of the sport's revered names next year, says the editor of Britain's 'Autosport'

International road racing is on the verge of a battle of giants in which famous firms will spend huge sums of money to dramatize their showroom motor cars in world markets. Ford Motor Company has already declared in Jaguar of England, five times winner of the 24-hour race at Le Mans, will return to the great French event next year after being absent eight years. And when Jaguar returns, Daimler-Benz of Germany, the most renowned name in racing history, will almost certainly come back as well with its silver Mercedes cars.

Looking further ahead, I believe that the impending entry of Japan into Grand Prix racing may well force these Western companies to participate in Formula 1 as well. While the Le Mans-style prototype and Grand Touring cars that have evolved from what we used to think of as sports cars are indeed important, they cannot approach full-scale Formula 1 Grand Prix cars for national prestige. The world of commerce cannot overlook the impact made on international markets by the Japanese, with their transistor radios, tape recorders, cameras, binoculars and motorcycles; and now the decision of the big Honda company to compete in Formula 1 poses a serious threat to all who manufacture passenger cars.

This is the situation, then, as Ford prepares a trio of 200-mph prototype racers for Le Mans. For many years European manufacturers refused to take American products seriously in international motor racing. Ford has changed that with its successes in the Monte Carlo rally, in which a Falcon has won the special stages for two consecutive years; at Indianapolis with the Lotus-Ford; and most recently at Sebring, where its engines powered the Cobras that shattered Ferrari's supremacy in GT racing.

Now the vast Ford empire seeks to topple the red cars of Maranello from

their present lofty position as world champions in both the prototype and GT categories. The prototypes are the most glamorous and yield the largest publicity dividends. Ford wants that publicity. To that end, it has acquired a clever prototype design from the Englishman Eric Broadley—the Lola—and developed it in Dearborn and in the Slough factory where Broadley builds his sports and formula cars. A team of technicians was brought over to Slough from the U.S., mechanics were engaged and ex-Aston Martin racing-team manager John Wyer was put in charge. Taking advantage of new tools, Ford has used electronic computers in the prototype's development. Experimental data is collected by Ford Engineers Roy Lunn and Ron Martin and fed into machines in Dearborn for application to the work in progress at Slough. Rather confusingly called GTs, the cars are powered by the lightweight aluminum V-8s that ran so strongly and reliably last year at Indianapolis.

Ford discovered the other day in trials at Le Mans that sophisticated engineering is not in itself enough to make a winner. Two prototypes appeared, and they both crashed, after displaying a tendency to get airborne at high speed. Detecting such bugs is the reason for trials. Ford should have things sorted out by the time the flag falls at Le Mans on June 20.

While Jaguar and Mercedes work strenuously behind closed doors on their own solutions to this invasion, Ferrari is also paying strict and overt attention. Ferrari's position in racing is vitally important to the Italian automotive industry. The giant Fiat concern has provided Commendatore Enzo Ferrari with hundreds of thousands of dollars to insure that he continues racing, realizing that Ferrari victories are Italian successes

continued

TRICHARD



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PALM SPRINGS	205	85
PHOENIX OPEN	59	25
TUCSON OPEN	91	18
PGA SENIORS	233	30
NEW ORLEANS	54	30
PENSACOLA	63	30
ST. PETERSBURG	55	30
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BIG LEAGUE LOOK ON AND OFF THE COURT

MOTOR SPORTS *continued*

and that a share of the glory seeps down even to the tiniest Fiat.

Earlier, when Lancia abandoned its ambitious racing program following the death of Driver Alberto Ascari in 1955, the entire project, including Grand Prix cars, machine tools and many spare parts, was handed over to Ferrari. Additionally, Fiat chipped in with a quarter of a million dollars. At the time Italy was in none too happy a state as regards racing. Mercedes' all-conquering silver cars had whacked the finest Ferraris. Maserati was in the doldrums, and another famed Italian racing firm, Alfa Romeo, had already quit the circuits. The prestige of the Italian industry was left in Enzo Ferrari's hands. It was not misplaced.

But Ferrari is a small outfit, producing only a few hundred ultra-expensive nonracing cars a year to be sold to the public. It is therefore not in direct commercial competition with the large European manufacturers. The challenge from Ford is quite a different matter. Ford owns large factories in England and Germany whose production competes head on with European cars. There can be no doubt that international racing successes won by Ford must confer sex appeal and sales appeal on its European lines. One must remember also that Jaguar and Mercedes have an extremely profitable market for their cars in America—a market gained in no small measure from racing prestige.

If America now creates a sensation in international motor racing, it will be difficult to sustain the argument that one must look to Europe for cars with a racing pedigree.

Realizing the full implications of the American assault, Jaguar is busily preparing for a resumption of racing in 1965. Sir William Lyons, chief of Jaguar, is an astute man. He does not delude himself that the memory of Jaguar racing exploits will endure forever. Sir William has long been conscious of the impact of the V-12 Ferraris. He intends to produce a really luxurious and extremely powerful V-12 Jaguar. Chief Engineer Bill Heynes has already designed such a car.

But with the firm already committed to a considerable experimental and development program, more hardware and talent were needed for racing. The first step was to acquire the Coventry Climax engine-manufacturing firm, whose power units have been the main factor in

continued



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MOTOR SPORTS continued

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Grand Prix racing. Coventry Climax
engines powered the world-champion-
ship Coopers of 1959 and 1960 and the
Lotus of 1963.

With Coventry Climax came its cle-
ver manager-director, Leonard Lee, and
also a fine team of technicians, headed
by Wally Hassan of Bentley fame. How-
ever, one key individual was missing.
That was Harry Mundy, a brilliant en-
gine designer who had moved on to
technical journalism. Mundy, Peter
Windsor-Smith, Harry Spiers and Has-
san had been a redoubtable force for
Coventry Climax. Early this year Sir
William managed to bring back Mundy.
Mundy's job is to put the new V-12 en-
gine into Le Mans-winning form to pub-
licize new Grand Touring cars and se-
dans utilizing the engine.

In Stuttgart-Untertürkheim, West
Germany, the Daimler-Benz directors
are merely awaiting confirmation that
Jaguar will indeed return. Intensive se-
cret experimental work is going on, but
it is no secret that if Jaguar moves, Mer-
cedes will move, too, the first step also
being a car capable of winning world-
championship prototype races and so
enhancing West German prestige in
overseas markets.

Rudolf Uhlenhaut, the man in charge
of technical development at Daimler-
Benz—a man of towering reputation
for his invincible sports and Grand Prix
racing cars of 1954-55—has built pro-
totypes of many new cars, including
some with an engine based on the in-
line eight used in the 1954-55 blitz.
A V-12 design also appeals to Uhlen-
haut.

Daimler-Benz is also constantly ex-
perimenting with the revolutionary ro-
tary power plant of Wankel origin that
has been tried out in certain small NSU
cars. The Wankel is considered by many
experts to be the engine of the future.
Thrown successfully into racing, it
would be a sensation. Uhlenhaut en-
visages Wankel engines being coupled
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END

If the man offers you a turbocharger, here's why you should say yes.

An exciting development has boosted the performance of automotive engines without a big increase in cost. It's called a turbocharger. Engineers are using it more and more frequently to get extra power from an engine without increasing the size of the engine. And it's available today—right now—in production passenger cars.

At medium and higher r.p.m.'s, the net usable horsepower delivered to the wheels goes way up. Acceleration is much better. Passing ability is greatly increased, giving you a substantial extra margin of safety. Pulling power on steep grades is a revelation.

And the beauty of a turbocharger is that all this extra power is there *when you need it*, but you're not burning extra gas when you don't need it.

Of course, you could get the extra power with a bigger, heavier engine. But many drivers find they don't need all that power all the time. So the logical answer is a turbocharger on a smaller engine. That way, you can have an efficient grocery-store car, an economy car, and a sprightly sports car all wrapped into one automobile.

The turbocharger is basically a very simple device. It forces more air into the engine, thus providing a larger combustible mixture—and more power.

This is not a new idea. For years, aircraft have been using superchargers to increase power output and to compensate for power loss at high altitudes.

TRW's advanced-design turbo-supercharger, developed since World War II, is driven by the engine's exhaust gases which would otherwise be wasted. The exhaust drives a turbine wheel coupled directly to an impeller that compresses the air going into the intake manifold. The entire unit has very few moving parts and weighs only 12 pounds. That's all there is to it.



But the making of a practical and reliable turbocharger has behind it half a century of automotive experience and aerodynamic know-how. Plus quite a little skill with advanced metallurgy.

Which is where TRW comes in. As specialists in precision, high-performance parts, we make the hard-to-make. Like engine valves and steering linkage for your car, and turbine blades for jet engines, to name just a few. (Our turbocharger is being used in light aircraft, tractors, marine engines, and passenger cars.)

The best way to see what it can do for you is to drive a car equipped with a turbocharger. Many thousands of motorists already own one. They like its sports-car qualities, the lively pickup, the feeling of confidence when passing, the unflagging power on hills, the sure way it glides around the big, expensive cars out on the turnpike—and the over-all economy.

When you test drive a turbocharged car, it won't feel much different until you

need the extra power. But when you want it, you've got it. With nothing extra for you to do—no buttons to push, no switches to flick; your turbo does its job automatically. (And this simple, maintenance-free unit is built to last as long as the engine itself.)

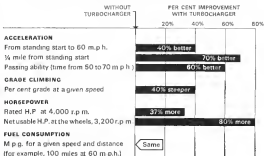
You'll find the price for a turbocharger is modest. On a popular compact that offers the turbocharger option, it comes to about 12% more than without the turbo—and that includes a number of other deluxe features.

So if the man at the car dealer's offers you a turbocharger, we want you to know exactly what he means. Then we know you'll say yes.

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Performance with Turbocharger

(Comparison of same production car with and without turbocharged engine)



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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Words will never hurt them

The six players on the U.S. women's Olympiad team have experience and skill, but most important of all, they get along with each other

The World Olympiad, which began in New York last week, is not restricted to men. There will be women's competition, too, and although many big name players such as Helen Sobel, Edith Kemp and Dorothy Hayden will be missing, the U.S. team should do well. The three U.S. pairs are Jan Stone and Muriel Kaplan, Stella Rebner and Alicia Kemper, and Helen Portugal and Agnes Gordon. All are experienced players.

To hone the skills of his players, Captain Paul Hodge recently took five members of the women's team—Helen Portugal was unable to go—to Toronto for a grueling weekend of practice against both the Canadian Open team and the Canadian Women's team. It was a strenuous test. The girls played about 235 deals in three and a half days—nearly half as many as they'll have to play in twelve days in the Olympiad. What Hodge saw was pleasing. He watched his girls outscore Canada's Open Team in four of six sessions—even though in the final aggregate they lost by a few IMPs—and he saw Jan and Muriel sail smoothly to a grand slam on this hand, despite obstructive tactics by Canada's top pair, Eric Murray and Sammy Kehela.

posing diamonds divided, and although East had only two trumps left with which to ruff losing clubs, Jan was able to take two ruffing finesses through South's king-jack of hearts and establish a heart trick in dummy for the vital 13th trick.

Oddly enough, the hand that gave Hodge a great deal of encouragement was one that saw both U.S. pairs meet disaster. This was the deal, played in a match against the Canadian women:

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH

♠ 8 7 6
♥ K 10 9 6
♦ 4
♣ 10 9 8 3 2

WEST

♠ 3 2
♥ 7 6 4 3
♦ J 9 8 2
♣ 7 6 5

EAST

♠ —
♥ A Q J 8 2
♦ A Q 10 6 5
♣ A Q J

SOUTH

♠ A K Q J 10 9 5 4
♥ —
♦ K 7 3
♣ K 4

When Stella Rebner was South and Alicia Kemper North, the bidding went:

WEST (Jan Stone)	EAST (Muriel Kaplan)
♠ A 8	♠ K 9 6 2
♥ 10	♥ A Q 9 8 3
♦ A K 9 7 6 2	♦ 8 5 4 3
♣ A Q 9 5	♣ —

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
2 ♠	PASS	2 ♠	DOUBLE
4 ♠	PASS	4 N.T.	PASS
5 ♠	PASS	8 ♠	PASS
PASS	PASS	PASS	DOUBLE

After East passed, Murray, sitting South, opened with three hearts. Jan, vulnerable, bid four diamonds. Kehela passed, and Muriel bid six diamonds. Jan decided that her partner would not make that bid without a single ace and so she carried on to the grand slam. The op-

portunity was taken by South, who was astounded that there should be a powerhouse two-club bid out against her hand. She inquired what South's bid meant, was told that it was forcing to two no trump, and then she doubled. South decided that the opponents probably had the better of the high cards, and her

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four-spade jump was largely preemptive. But North read it as showing some kind of superslam try. Since she had already shown a poor hand by her diamond response, she promoted the value of her king and her singleton and asked about aces. South meant her five-club response as a sign-off, but North thought it showed all four aces—as normally it would. Therefore she pushed on to six spades which East doubled, Mrs. Rebner lost only a club and a diamond trick for minus 200.

At the other table, with Muriel Kaplan and Jan Stone as West and East, the bidding was:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
2♠	PASS	2 N.T.	DOUBLE
3♠	PASS	PASS	DOUBLE
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Not unnaturally, Jan was suspicious of the opening two-bid and simply disbelieved her opponent's jump to game. The winning bid would have been a pass—but would you have passed East's hand? At any rate, declarer made five-odd for a score of 990.

Why should Paul Hodge have been pleased with any part of this hand? Because it helped to clear up some partnership misunderstandings? Well, partly that. But mostly because the girls were able to laugh at what happened and to suggest that, of all the hands they played that long weekend, this be the one I should write about. The women's title will be decided by a round robin, and each match will count as much as any other. In a long tournament, where no single match is enough to swing the decision, the success of any team—and especially a women's team—hangs on the absence of teamismanship. What is teamismanship? It is the manner in which you greet the other half of your team immediately after the play ends, in order to compare your scores. An extreme example is the case where one pair announced to their partners: "We killed them on every board but two." The two boards they neglected to mention were a grand slam they permitted the opponents to make and a 1,400 point penalty they incurred against a possible two-spade bid the other way. This sort of thing can destroy team morale. That is why I think Captain Hodge is fortunate. Not only has he got six good players, but a real team as well.

END



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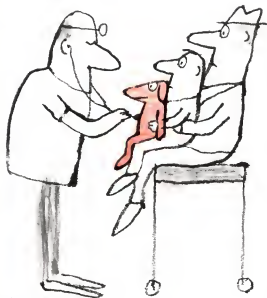
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John Kneiss

Money, votes and psychiatry are going to the dogs

Dogs used to be just dogs, but today they are an integral part of the economic, emotional—and even political—life of the U.S.

The nation and Lyndon Johnson were both saddened last week by the discovery that the President's storied political education had one howling gap. In an attempt to produce music for an old Texas wolf hunter's ears, L.B.J. lifted his two beagles by their—and voters everywhere sat up and yelped.

What the President should have realized is that beagle voice-giving should be

voluntary and, what's more, that dogs are influential—they are neither a poverty-stricken nor a minority group. There are 26 million dogs in America today, contributing \$416 million a year to the economy, and the owners of these dogs are both vocal and knowledgeable. They might suspect for example, that while the physiological damage from such brisk treatment may be relatively slight,

the psychological effects might be traumatic.

Not so long ago—when Lyndon Johnson was a boy, maybe—dogs were just dogs, to be petted or kicked as the mood prevailed. But not now. Today the dog has become so important a part of man's existence that we are no longer concerned merely with dog feelings. Rather, we are concerned that how the dog might feel might influence how the owner might feel. Dogs have completely penetrated man's emotional perimeter.

Apparently a dog's role in any given human's life often resembles the submerged part of the iceberg—bigger than one thinks. One explanation for the tenacity of the dog-man relationship is that dogs accept people for what they are. Dogs like to be leaned on. They know when and how to make demands, thereby providing the essential glue for many a fragmented ego—and for a small fraction of what the 50-minute hour might cost. A dog's stalwart affection has been known to shore up a man's sense of the world's injustice, for a while at least. Dogs can help sick people get well and help them stay well. Although some cynics suggest that owning a dog can in itself be a manifestation of neurosis, or encourage it, a distinguished psychiatrist, Dr. Lawrence S. Kubie, former president of the New York Psychoanalytic Society, scoffs at the notion. "Compulsive behavior in humans is no more triggered by dogs than it is by food," says Dr. Kubie. "We see compulsive eaters and compulsive dog owners, but these are symptoms, neither the food nor the dog's presence is causative."

People, particularly lonely ones, cling to their fantasies as if expectation were the springboard of achievement. The owner of a basset hound is a man of humor, maybe, or thinks he is, or would like to be thought so. The woman with the cocker spaniel craves affection, or perhaps just likes to dominate. The blonde with the Yorkshire terrier hopes to project femininity. Dogs seem to appraise the situation and dissemble accordingly. A boxer stamps vanity on the male image, although in point of fact the dog has to restrain an innate sopiness to look fierce; whippets suggest esthetic sensitivity and manage to look fragile by minimizing their wiry strength. Beagles just do the best they can under the

continued

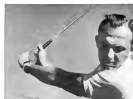


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DOGS *continued*

circumstances. Dogs, most of the time, seem to enjoy indulging human foibles. This may easily give them a sense of superiority. The fact remains that they do not argue, are not likely to be morose, petulant or critical. They have a conscience and know right from wrong—which makes them vulnerable to worry and often plagued by guilt. They are vain. They become bored, but have the facility to sleep it off. Dogs even lie—deeds if not in words—by pretending irreproachable innocence in spite of the empty platter on the buffet table.

All this explains, at least partially, something of how animal medicine acquired its new status. Today, more than \$150 million is spent annually on dog inoculations and hospital care in America's 3,500 small animal hospitals. A West Coast veterinarian recently told newsmen that, "Ninety percent of the dogs in America get better medical care than half the world's population." At the dedication of the new Animal Medical Center on New York's East River Drive (next door to Cornell Medical College, Sloan Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, the Hospital for Special Surgery, Rockefeller Institute and New York Hospital), the animal scientists were welcomed into this haughtiest community of medicine by the head of the Rockefeller Institute. Twenty-five years ago the medical profession would have ignored the upstartism of an institution for "companion animals" and been outraged by its provocative assurance that "no drug or surgical technique is used here that hasn't first been tried on man."

A growing percentage of today's 22,000 veterinarians—mostly graduates of four years of veterinary school—combine the insights of a pediatrician and a lay psychiatrist with their knowledge of animal medicine.

Men like Arthur S. North Jr., veterinarian to New Jersey's fox-hunting set, adroitly appraises the traumatic effect of a dog's illness on its owner. Sometimes if critical surgery is indicated, he asks for consultation with other members of the family: this spreads the responsibility. North remains keenly aware of the owner's age or any external evidence of his or her physical or emotional state. Treatment is not affected, but diagnostic frankness might well be. An oversimplification of North's yardstick is never to mention a dog's senility to an aged owner; to avoid talking of a

heart condition to an owner who seems short of breath; to hand out boxes of pills instead of explicit prescriptions. (Better to talk of giving the dog a "green pill" daily, instead of digitalis, a well-known heart remedy; or a "white pill" instead of thyroid; on the other hand, he prescribes tranquilizers as such.) Psychologically it seems evident that people associate themselves with their dogs in sickness as well as in health.

Attachment to a dog is an asset, but along with it goes some emotional liability. Even among the best-disciplined and most rational humans, a dog's death can unleash hysteria, as though here, moving close, was the specter of all death. Reactions vary from an ubiquitous surge of self-pity and a sense of a abandonment to remorse and resentment.

Psychiatrists agree (which in itself ranks as a phenomenon) that dogs can drain off certain human resentments, halt certain forms of human withdrawal, contribute therapy in certain kinds of human withdrawal and contribute therapy in certain kinds of mental disorder. A distinguished professor of psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, the late James H. S. Bossard, told of a 14-year-old delinquent boy whose mother supported this illegitimate son and her half-blind mother by working long hours as a domestic. The boy's frustrations and resentments grew. Truancy and other delinquent patterns piled up relentlessly. Finally, the mother's employer settled on an imaginative, although somewhat speculative, approach. She gave the boy a German shepherd pup with no conditions attached and underwrote its upkeep. Boy and dog formed an instantaneous attachment. Love given and returned often is a potent brew. Among contemporaries and peers the boy with nothing found himself thrust into a status position. His sense of responsibility to the dog spilled over to school, home and neighborhood. As there remained neither time nor need for vindictive action, delinquency ended.

Just as dogs seem to need humans around them, so the pressures or absence of this companionship sets its mark on canine adjustment. Evidence indicates that neither people nor dogs are born neurotic; they both get that way under certain circumstances, and reasonably early in life. (It may take a little longer in people, but both the Freudians and the Catholic Church lay infinite stress on

continued

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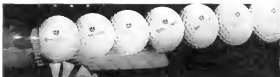
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DOGS *continued*

the importance of early-life experience.) Working on the premise that "one sort of social relationship which can be set up between men and dogs is essentially the same as parent-offspring in other species," Dr. J. Paul Scott, a psychologist, made a study of young dogs at the Roscoe B. Jackson Memorial Laboratory in Bar Harbor, Me. He wanted to find out what kind of early experience produced insecure puppies, theorizing that such an inquiry might illuminate areas of maladjustment and emotional stress in young children. Experiments in his puppy nurseries proved to Scott and his associates that although the dogs' social instincts were nil in the first three weeks of life, in succeeding days the pups developed so fast that by the time they reached seven weeks their mental and emotional capacity almost equaled that of an adult dog. Of course, they still lacked experience—that refined third dimension of all knowledge. But in those crucial four weeks of their social development their psychological attitude toward men and dogs became firmly fixed.

Four impeccably controlled situations were devised for testing the 3-week-old puppies for the duration of their critical development. One group remained snugly ensconced with littermates and bitch, exposed to kindly human care which included regular sessions of talk and handling. As might be expected, this group formed permanently well-balanced relationships with men and dogs. Group No. 2 lived in somewhat similar conditions, but without any demonstration of human affection, or as Scott termed it, "socializing." This strictly dog-oriented world produced an abiding indifference to people. A third group isolated a single puppy from bitch and littermates, but replaced this companionship with intensive human attention. The result, a puppy permanently man-oriented even to the point of avoiding other dogs; however, this puppy still seemed acceptable to his littermates when he returned, with considerable dignity, to the family circle. Finally, a fourth way of life invariably produced gravely maladjusted puppies. Isolated from littermates and bitch, silently fed and watered by unseen human hands, these singletons often grew bigger and sleeker than the others. But when such a maverick returned to the clan, the puppy's defensive behavior was so eccentric and neurotic that he or she was ostracized by the family. Such dogs rarely

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adjusted to the society of man or dog.

At six months, apparently, a dog's personality is established irrevocably. Human companionship or the lack of it contributes to the dog's approach to life, love and general adjustment. Situations of stress often produce patterns that in the most evenly balanced adult dog seem neurotic, but a bit of probing usually reveals that these were the result of the dog's adjustment to its owner's neurosis and inconsistencies. For instance, a dog will bark incessantly when its owner is oppressed with loneliness or suffers from abiding fears and insecurities. Nipping friendly and familiar visitors is a form of subtle reassurance and flattery for the jealous and possessive owner. Psychosomatic ailments (asthma, for instance) can be a canine complement to a neuroathenic owner. In the expedient philosophy of dogs, "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em."

Man and dog are not a new team—as everyone knows, their association was enjoyed by primitive man, who probably shared a small sense of comradeship with his hunting associate. One of the world's great naturalists, Konrad Z. Lorenz, author of *Man Meets Dog* (and the better-known classic, *King Solomon's Ring*), traces dog genealogy back to wolves and jackals, *Canis lupus* and *Canis aureus*. (America's five million poodle owners may well become rabid at the idea, but their fashionable pets stem from jackal-blooded lines.) Lorenz proposes, however, that a jackal ancestry provides intuitive sensitivity to human emotions, which he contrasts to wolf-blooded breeds (the Samoyed, for instance), whose aloof, one-man loyalty reflects the wolf's loveless respect and obedience to the pack leader. As ultimate evidence of his supersensitivity theory, Lorenz tells of his jackal-blooded German shepherd dog: "If ever I had drunk a little more than was good for me, so perturbed did she become over my 'illness' that her concern would have been enough to prevent my taking to drink, even if I had been inclined that way." So speaks an eminent scientist. Who can tell? Seemingly dogs today, maybe Alcoholics Anonymous dogs tomorrow. Who knows what man's best friend will pull off next?

Who, in fact, knows how L.B.J.'s beagles, Him and Her, will interpret the earlift? As aggression? As friendship? Or just as politics?

END



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PART I

THE FUNNY, FRANTIC LIFE I LEAD

BY JACK NICKLAUS

A professional golfer's existence is the most complex and improbable of any athlete's, his victories and defeats coming amid an unceasing swirl of activities that are at once both mad and meaningful. Recently Tony Lama wrote a candid story about the climb toward the top in golf. Now, at the request of Sports Illustrated, Jack Nicklaus has kept a three-month journal that warmly illuminates a far different facet of the tour: the unique life of the superchamp

SEA LIONS, FONDUE AND A SLAM WITH ARNIE

Here it was, the third week of January, and time, I told myself, to be getting back to work. The Florida sun had been nice. The fishing had been fun. The laying aside of the golf clubs, the staying in one place, the absence of reporters, the businessmen not talked to—all this had been a refreshing change of pace, if you could call it a pace at all. But now, after a seven-week rest from golf, I was ready to get back out on the tour, ready and eager. I felt strong. I really wanted to start playing again. Mother and Dad had come down from home—Columbus, Ohio—for a time and were staying with the kids (Jackie, 2½, and Stevie, 1) in Fort Lauderdale, so Barbara, my wife, was able to travel with me. We left Florida for Monterey, Calif. via San Francisco on a National Airlines flight early in the afternoon. I checked our baggage, which included my golf equipment. It alone weighs about 50 pounds. The airlines have a fixed rate on golf bags, however, of only \$4. Good thing for golf pros. But I still encountered a slight problem.

Check-in man: You will have to pick up your clubs in San Francisco and re-check them to Monterey.

Me: No, I won't. You can check them all the way. Ask the supervisor.

Supervisor: Sorry, we can't do it.

Me: Yes, you can. Look it up in your manual.

Supervisor (after checking): By gosh, we can. Sorry, my mistake.

So the 1964 golf tour—Jack Nicklaus version—starts with me having an argument with an airline. Then, coming in to San Francisco, where it was rainy

and cold, I got something else to think about. My hip began to hurt. I could not help thinking that it was in San Francisco that all my hip trouble started last year. I don't believe tour golfers are hypochondriacs, like some people say. But you'd worry, too, if an ache could cost you money. Otherwise our flight to the West Coast was uneventful (who likes an eventful flight?).

We were greeted at the Monterey airport by Mark McCormack, my lawyer-agent. He drove us over to the Del Monte Lodge, where we had reservations. Great rooms. Just behind the 18th green of the Pebble Beach course and right on the ocean.

It was too late to get supper at the Lodge, so we went to a small downtown restaurant to eat. Terrible. I managed about one bite of a fish the manager said was fresh. Could he have misjudged by a month? Or had I gotten used to family meals?

Back to the rooms—starving—for long confab with Mark about what my various businesses had done in 1963 and the income projection for 1964. Complicated? You said it. Especially for someone just turning 24. Thank goodness for Mark. He handles everything, so I can't mishandle anything.

Tuesday was beautiful and brought not even a twinge of hip trouble—which was beautiful, too. I played a practice round at Pebble Beach with my Crosby amateur partner, Red McCarthy, an insurance man from Chicago. We were with Pros Bobby Nichols and George Knudson. I didn't score well. Had a 75.

I had planned to get some putting lessons here from George Low, but had to postpone them. George is a famous figure on the tour. He is not a competing pro himself, yet he has got to be one of

the world's best putters. He'll putt with a sand wedge and do better than most people. Nicklaus needs putting lessons? Yes, he does. But there are too many other things that I must do right now. I could not give George the concentration the lessons would require. Got my game to get in shape.

My golf was not much improved on Wednesday, when I played the Cypress Point course with Arnold Palmer, Mark and Red. Always play a \$5 Nassau with Arnold, but he shot a 69 to my 73 and he emptied my wallet. I almost hit into the ocean on the 16th. In fact, both Arnie and I thought my tee shot had gone in, but I finally found it plugged in some sand at the top of the cliff. I told Arnie, "You know I never hit it into the ocean here." We both laughed. It wasn't going to seem so funny the next afternoon.

After playing 16 we noticed some sea lions out on the rocks opposite the 17th fairway. Arnie figured they were a four-iron away, and he hit a shot toward them. Too much club. He is a big man for birdies, but he's not much on sea lions. I used a five-iron and dropped the ball among them. All of a sudden one of them jumped out of the pile going. "Hooo, hooo, hooo," just like a foghorn. It gave the gallery a big laugh, and broke us up, too. You need a couple of laughs after playing the 16th at Cypress Point.

When the round was over I met a representative of Universal Pictures. Universal is planning to do two 20-minute teaching films. This would present quite a challenge and opportunity, since this type of film instruction has not been done since Bob Jones tried it so successfully in 1930. We had planned to work with mirrors, use complicated optical devices, and go into the subject in depth. Now I am told that the script has been

reorganized. Unfortunately, you can't do this sort of thing rapidly. We should postpone the filming until a new script has been worked out. This means a change in plans. We had been scheduled to do the shooting during the Lucky International, the tournament at San Francisco. Now that it is postponed, I figure that I will go up there and play, though I do not exactly look forward to it. Last year there my hip hurt. I three-putted 13 greens in the first 36 holes, and I missed the cut.

Thursday was the first day of real action at the Crosby. My starting time was 10:42 at Cypress Point. I was with McCarthy, Bobby Nichols and his amateur partner, Actor Bob Sterling. I was one under coming to the 16th, the hole where I never hit it into the water. So I pulled out a one-iron, going for the green, and put it right down on the beach. Yaa! The ball rolled into a tiny cove in the cliff and I actually had a shot. Hit it fat, though, and put it up into an unplayable lie in some ice plant at the top of the cliff. Dropped out, chipped on and two-putted for a triple-bogey 6. I finished with a three-over-par 75. Beautiful start for 1964, Jack. Beautiful!

Dinner at Neil de Vaughn's restaurant on Cannery Row, Monterey, with Mark and Nancy McCormack, Winnie and Arnold, and Barbara. The food was delicious—cheese fondue, cracked crab, turtle soup, baitfish and a big, miscellaneous collection of seafood. But the result was a great case of collective insomnia—Arnold, Mark and myself. I was up four times during the night to prowl around and hope I could get back to sleep.

On top of that I had a 7:46 starting time Friday morning at Monterey Peninsula. I was up before 6—I felt like I had never been down—ate breakfast in the Lodge at 6:15 and was soon ready to start warming up. Only one hitch. I had to wait 15 minutes until it got light enough to see. Then, at the far end of Monterey's practice tee, two huge buck deer came bounding out of the woods. What beautiful animals! It wasn't long

before every player at the practice range was hitting shots toward them, not that these moving targets were in the slightest danger.

I knew before I teed off that after my first-round 75 I was going to have to come in with a good score. Monterey is the easiest of the three courses the Crosby is played on, however, so I figured I had a chance. I should do less figuring. My shot off the first tee hit a tree and bounced straight back. I hit an iron toward the green after this minor disaster, and it hit the same tree and kicked into the forest. From there I had to chip out onto the fairway and finally made a double-bogey 6. It eventually took a three-under-par 34 on the back side to bring me in at 70. It seemed like the slowest round of golf I had ever played. We were third off the tee and finished an hour behind the foursome in front of us. Playing time was 4:50, pretty bad for that course.

I got back to the Lodge and called Arnie. He said we ought to go for a plane ride. Arnie has his plane on the tour with him, and I thought it would be a good idea. I went over to his room, but we played bridge instead. For the first rubber Arnie and I were teamed against Allen Humphrey, an oilman from Dallas, and Bob Drum, who used to cover golf for *The Pittsburgh Press* but now has his own public relations business. On the second hand Arnold opens one no trump, and there I am looking at a hand that has 19 points in it, including two aces which, if you don't happen to be a bridge player, means we had plenty and then some. I responded three spades, he went to four no trump, asking for aces. I showed two, he said six spades and I took it to seven spades because I had a void. After the first couple of tricks I didn't have to play it out, we just laid it down. I heard someone say once that Arnold and I play bridge the way we play golf: go for the pin. In this case we were lucky, but going for the pin can have its disadvantages in bridge. Does golf have its equivalent of going down doubled, redoubled and vulnerable? I guess it does. Hitting the same tree twice,

for instance? After two rubbers I quit and went out to the practice range for a long workout. Started to hit the ball very, very well.

On Saturday I played Pebble Beach, a course I have usually done well on. I figured my game was in shape and I was ready to go. Then I went out and hit the ball as badly as I ever have. In fact, it was just about the worst round I have played since turning pro. If I hadn't putt-ed well the 77 I finally got might have been an 85. If I hadn't hit some fantastic recovery shots I might not have broken 100. It made me sick.

Care for an example? On the second hole, a par-5 with a wide trap cutting across the fairway about 50 yards short of the green, I hit a good drive down the right side. I was debating using a three-wood to float the ball into the green, but then I remembered the first golf tip I ever did for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*—one that, strangely enough, discussed this very hole. The tip advised using a long iron when there is trouble behind the green, and trying to skip the ball in rather than take the chance of flying the ball over the green with a wood. So I pulled out the one-iron and snap-hooked the ball into the trap about 150 yards in front of me. It took a 15-foot putt to finally give me a 5. That's the way the round went. Understandably, I missed the cut. After I finished the round I went back to the room and watched Nichols and Jacky Cupit give Phil Rodgers and myself a 4-and-3 licking on the filmed CBS *Golf Classic*. That is the miracle of television. You can see yourself play lousy golf in California and New Jersey the same day.

Later on I went up to Arnold's room to play some bridge, and he showed me the wedge he had used while taking a 9 on the 17th hole. It had a chunk out of it the size of a man's fingertip. Golf shouldn't be played on rocks.

"I kept waiting for the ball to stop," Arnold said. "But it never did. It just kept going out to sea and coming back again with every wave."

I was feeling pretty depressed, but we joined a party of 16 for dinner at the

continued

Lodge that included the Palmers, Mark McCormack, Bob Newhart and his wife and Gordon and Sheila MacRae. Talked fishing with MacRae. Right now fishing sounds like a lot more fun than golf.

Both Arnie and I felt like skipping San Francisco entirely and heading directly for Palm Springs and a week of practice, but we finally decided not to. Since I was out of action, Barbara and I decided to fly to Chicago first thing Sunday morning. We are building a new house in Columbus, and we had made arrangements to meet our interior decorator at the Merchandise Mart in Chicago and start buying some new furniture. Barbara felt I should come along, not because she likes my taste but because then I couldn't complain later about what we bought. I'll figure out some way, however.

Barbara and I flew to Chicago, checking into the Hotel Continental around 7 p.m., and had dinner in our room late Sunday night. The first week back on the tour was over. If we have as bad luck with our furniture as I've had with my golf, our new house is going to be a pretty big mess.

THE SCOREBOARD

Miles this week:	4,600
Winnings this week:	0

BLACK CATS, 12TH PLACE AND THE TWIST

The weather in Chicago was beautiful. Compared to Pebble Beach, it was like summertime, and if Barbara and I were not going to have such a busy two days it would have been ideal weather to get in some golf. Our decorator, Mrs. Aileen Irvin, was not due in the hotel until later in the day, but there was plenty to do beforehand. I went to the offices of Brunswick-MacGregor to bring myself up to date on some final changes I wanted to see made on the MacGregor clubs that are carrying my name. Barb and I also looked at some Brunswick snooker tables. Practically every house that has a game room these days has a pool table. Ours is going to have snooker. It's a more challenging game, much tougher to become good at than pool. We picked out

a table and then went back to the hotel to wait for Mrs. Irvin. Starting at 12:30 p.m. we called the desk every half hour to find out if she'd checked in. No, they assured us each time, not yet. We finally got through to her at 3 p.m. She'd been waiting in her room since 1 p.m., wondering where we were and why we hadn't called. Imagine coming 2,000 miles just to sit in a hotel room for an afternoon. I was pretty hot.

We rushed over to the Merchandise Mart. Our house will be a one-story ranch. I guess you might call it California Traditional. Floor space will be more than 5,000 square feet. That takes a lot of furniture. We went through the showrooms looking at stuff and making notes, then came back to the hotel.

There was a message to call Bill Graffis. He is with Kenyon & Eckhardt, the advertising agency that handles Whirlpool, a company I do promotion work for. I attended their sales meeting in New Orleans last December and will play an exhibition later this year with winners of their sales contest. Graffis took us all to dinner at The Tavern Club. An art exhibit for a charity was being held. There were about 30 paintings on the walls, and we saw a couple we liked, one of them a desert scene of cactus and mountains. We were disappointed to learn that it had already been sold. Luckily, the artist was also having dinner at The Tavern Club. His name is Alexander Maley; he is the chairman of a chemical company, Peltron Corp., and paints as a hobby. Could he duplicate the painting? No, but he could do something else. One of his, a floral scene, was unsold, and he took it down off the wall and handed it to me. "You've admired my painting and I've always admired your golf," he said. "So please accept this as a gift from me." I did accept, with pleasure.

Tuesday, January 21, my 24th birthday. It was spent walking and spending. We began a day-long survey of the Merchandise Mart at 9 a.m. As we went through the showrooms we either ordered on the spot or Mrs. Irvin made a note to order through the catalog. We met Bill Graffis for lunch at the Well of the Sea in the Sherman House, just as a

small birthday celebration, so to speak. One company at the Mart had not let us in the showroom because it was open only to dealers, but Graffis called up a Mart executive and he sent a pass right over. By the end of the day we had ordered for two bedrooms, all the rugs, the kitchen floor, the living room, dining room and family room. Bad case of museum feet, but we rushed back to the hotel, packed, checked out and hurried to the airport. Barb got a 6:50 flight to Columbus, and I took a 6:45 to San Francisco.

It was raining again as the plane came into San Francisco. I had a reservation at the Fairmont Hotel but decided that I didn't care to pay \$31 a day and swung by the Jack Tar Hotel to see if any rooms were available there. Gardner Dickinson, Jack Burke and Lionel Hebert were in the lobby when I came in around 10 o'clock, and they said the hotel had saved rooms for the golfers. They were right. Got a small room with twin beds for \$10 a night. Already I was \$21 a day ahead of the game.

The next day I played in the presour-nament pro-am with an old friend, Johnny Swanson, a former 14-letter athlete at the University of San Francisco who now owns two bowling alleys in the city. I had met Swanson when I played in the U.S. Amateur here in 1958. He has always been very helpful and generous to me and to friends of mine who have come out here.

As we teed off I couldn't help but recall how many three-putt greens I had here last year. I three-putted the first green, and thought, "Oh, no. Here we go again." On the fourth hole, a par-5, I topped my second shot, then pushed my third to the right of the green and made a bogey. I heard two spectators talking. "Let's pick up Arnie and watch a real golfer," one said. "Yeah, this guy isn't showing me nothing," said the other. I wasn't showing me much, either. On the fifth tee Swanson, trying to be nice, asked: "Say, pro, do you always move your head a couple of feet when you swing?" Actually, it was a good question. I had been swaying forward during my swing a lot, but it was not my only problem by any means.

On the 7th hole both John and I hit our approaches to about eight feet from the hole. "I'll do you or don't you for lunch," John said. I made my putt and he missed. "If you make a 2 on the next hole I'll buy you a filet," John said. I hit a two-iron six feet from the hole. "All you pros are the same," said John. "You can only play when you're hungry." Then I missed the putt. I had a hamburger for lunch.

I didn't sleep well that night, but had to get up early because my first-round tee-off time was 8:04 a.m. I met Ray Floyd and Phil Rodgers in the lobby, and we went across the street for breakfast, then drove out to the course in the Lincoln Continental that Lincoln-Mercury supplied to me and some of the other golfers. Cold enough for three sweaters and a pair of rain pants. I played a lousy round. Hitting the ball better than I had at Pebble Beach, but not thinking quite as well. Shot a 74 that should have been a 70 or 71, which would have given me at least a shot at the lead. So I went to the practice tee for a two-hour session. My alignment was a mess. I had the club face aiming to the right, my body and feet aimed to the left. My divot was going to the left of the target, the ball to the right. Awful. Finally got myself lined up and hitting well, and got back the 30 yards I had lost in distance.

There was a small gallery watching some players practice, and after I'd smashed out four good ones a lady called out: "Jack, do you always play with a closed stance?" Me? A closed stance? My right foot back behind the left? Never.

"Madam," I said, "I don't know whether I do or not. That's why I'm out here. To find out."

I went back to the Jack Tar and stopped off at a party the hotel manager was giving for the players staying there. I'm not much of a drinker. Maybe a small one before supper when I'm due to play late the next day. So I usually just have a Coke at parties like these.

After dinner Ray, Phil and I went to see a hockey game. First hockey game I'd ever been to. It was between the San Francisco Seals and the Los Angeles Blades. A lot of action. The players

seemed to be big old bald guys, rough and tough. They really went at each other, and there was as much fighting as hockey. We had fun. Phil would get excited about an ant race, so he got pretty worked up about the game.

It was rainy and cold again on Friday, but at least I was not scheduled to play until quite late. Called my secretary, Colleen Drue, in Columbus and dictated about 10 letters before going to the course. Is this the only sport where athletes need full-time secretaries? Played a little better, but took 37 putts and wound up with a 72. That night a group of us were invited to have dinner at a press party in the Press Club downtown. Tony Lema, Jack Burke, George Bayer, Julius Boros, Palmer and I were to receive what the San Francisco sportswriters call Black Cat awards. It is a little wooden carving of a cat set in a metal base. Anyone holding one of these while talking to the press may not be quoted. That kind of thing could be useful to have. Maybe I should carry it to all press conferences.

Routine but pleasant evening. Lema and Burke could not make it and Arnold had to leave early, but the rest of us chatted with the writers and had roast beef for dinner. During the meal I asked Hal Wood of the United Press why the six of us had been chosen for the award. He said they just liked to give out awards.

The next day I broke 70 for the first time this year either in a practice round or a regular tournament. A 66. I made up my mind to get my putts to the hole and not leave any short. I was hitting the ball well, though hooking it a bit more than I care to. I can control it on the course, but it is something I definitely want to get rid of. After lunch I went to the practice range for another long session. Seems like a funny thing to do after shooting a 66, but I've got to get my game going. One noticeable difficulty was that I seemed to be hooding the club as I started the backswing. In other words, the back of my left hand was staying underneath the right too long. Thus the clubhead was swinging too far inside as my body turned. The hook was the result. The idea is to take the club straight back while the body turns. The club

continued

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THE LIFE I LEAD *continued*

swings back more or less in one direction while the body turns in another.

I called Barbara in Columbus, and we talked about some of the things she is buying for the house. I arranged to meet her and the kids when their plane gets into Palm Springs, Calif., Monday afternoon. Had dinner with Ray Floyd, and then we drove out to the University of San Francisco gym to watch a Warrior-Laker basketball game. It was raining and I could not find a parking place anywhere. Finally I just pulled the car to the curb in front of one of those funny little garage driveways that San Francisco seems to have millions of. It worked for about 30 minutes. Just as the second quarter started, the loudspeaker announced: "Will the owner of a black Lincoln Continental, license plate No. BAJ 734, please report to the policeman at the main door."

Just my luck. A police officer met me and said, "You might be saving yourself \$20."

"Yes, but there are 1,000 other cars parked in front of driveways."

"Well, we only got a complaint on yours. A lady called in and said she knew her rights. Are you here at the university?"

"No. I'm playing in the golf tournament."

"Just for the record, what's your name?"

"Jack Nicklaus, but where can I park the car?"

"Hey, I've heard of you. Come with me and I'll fix it up." So we drove to the front of the arena, he removed a no-parking sign from directly in front of the main door and I parked there.

At half time I was asked to do a radio interview. During the course of it I explained a tip that Arnold Palmer had given me the year before in New Orleans. After a long layoff, he said, it is often better to chip with your putter instead of a lofted club. A bad putt is usually at least as good as a good chip, because you can almost always get the ball within six feet of the hole with a putter. Not always with something else, however. This started me thinking about how funny golf is in that respect—meaning, how we all like to help each other out. It is as if

we wanted the whole breed to improve, not just ourselves. For instance, if I see something wrong with another player's game, and I think he won't jump down my throat for saying something about it, I will always point it out. Likewise, I appreciate others pointing things out to me. Very often you will give a golfer a tip that saves him the stroke that just beats you out of a tournament. This happens quite a bit, but even then you feel a certain amount of pride that it was you who helped him to win. Golf is a gentleman's game, all right. Maybe that is why it has gained so much popularity, why so much money can now be put up for tournaments.

I played another good round the next day, a 68, and tied for 12th. Arnold invited me to fly down with him to Palm Springs in his plane, an Aero Commander 560F that has seats for the pilot and copilot up front, four seats just behind the pilot's cabin and a bar. Very nice. I had played early. Arnold had played late, being among the leaders, and I drove by his gallery on the 17th hole as I was leaving the course. All of a sudden, there was Winnie Palmer tapping at the window of my car.

"Are you going to fly down with us?" she asked.

"Yes, but that's tomorrow."

"No. We are going to leave right after Arnold's finished. He thinks the weather might close down."

Big rush. Changed shoes, tapped the locker-room boy and paid my caddy. Left the course at 4:15, made it back to the hotel in 12 minutes and left my car keys to be picked up by Lincoln-Mercury at the front desk. Took a shower and packed up everything, just hurling it into the suitcase. Winnie called at 4:50. How much baggage do you have, she wanted to know. About 145 pounds, I figured. Can you send it down to Palm Springs air freight? Certainly. But what a problem baggage is. On a trip like this you've got to allow for cold and hot weather. Since I had also planned on doing the golf films, I was carrying three suits, two sports coats, 12 pairs of slacks, one pair of street shoes, 12 golf shirts, eight turtleneck jerseys, six sweaters and 10 dress shirts. All this, plus socks, underwear

continued

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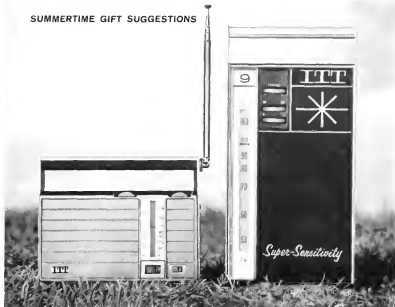
HE HATES CAVIAR, TOO!

Nothing fancy about him. He's just plain Bill. Honest, hardworking and happy with his three squares a day. But you'd never make him an honorary member of a gourmet society. Black olives, truffles, *pâté de foie gras*, venison? They're not part of *his* chow. So when it comes to brews, Guinness doesn't figure. The brisk, bright, not-quite-sweet, not-quite-sour, malty, winery flavor is

wasted on him. But gourmets love it. It takes more than one hearing to enjoy Beethoven's Ninth. It takes more than one bottle to enjoy Guinness's Stout. But it's a pleasure that grows and grows. Isn't it significant that though very few like Guinness when they first try it, it's the world's largest beer export, now selling in a hundred and thirty-nine countries?



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Now, you can give a transistor radio that really gets great reception *all the time* . . . even in suburban fringe areas.

• **The sleek FM-AM model** at left weighs less than 15 ounces. Yet it has the long-range pulling power and tone quality of sets twice its size. Unusually smooth tuning and easy-to-read dial. 9 transistors, 5 diodes, 1 thermistor, and $2\frac{3}{4}$ inch dynamic speaker. Model 6409F.

• **For straight AM**, ITT brings you another smartly styled model (right) that pulls in *all the stations* at distant seashores or mountains. Its

sound is rich and full-bodied, just what you'd expect to go with its sturdy appearance. Hi-lo tone control and large slide rule dial. 9 transistors, 1 diode, 1 thermistor. Model 6409A.

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ITT POCKET TRANSISTOR RADIOS
6 TRANSISTOR RADIO—ITT MODEL 6406, left
8 TRANSISTOR RADIO—ITT MODEL 6408, right



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PLAYTIME
FOOTWEAR

THE LIFE I LEAD

and a heavily stuffed golf bag. Swanson said he would take care of my baggage for me.

Rush, rush, rush. Got to the airport at 5:20, just 65 minutes after I had left the course. No wonder I had to send my stuff air freight. Arnold's plane looked as if he had brought his whole house. The thing was jam-packed, and Winnie claimed that only one of the bags was hers.

A great trip. I had not had anything to eat since 9 o'clock in the morning, and after a bourbon and Coke from Arnold's bar I was feeling something more than exhilarated. Arnold had stopped smoking five days before and so had Winnie, and I could not resist the chance to needle them. I lit up a cigarette and blew smoke all over the place. I stopped smoking 13 months ago, but find I can smoke two or three from time to time without getting the craving again.

We flew into Palm Desert, just outside Palm Springs, and went over to the Erawan Garden Hotel where the Palmers were staying. I called the Palm Springs airport; they hadn't ever heard anything about my baggage, and Western Airlines - which had it - was closed for the night. Better call back in the morning. Sometimes I think half of being a tour golfer is keeping up with your baggage. I had dinner with Arnold and Winnie. Winnie and I did the twist while Arnold sat at the table wishing he had a cigarette. Barb and I have never twisted. Arnold doesn't twist. Neither, for that matter, do Winnie and I.

After dinner Arnold and I made up a game for the next day with Don Cherry and Frank Stranahan, and I headed for Ocotillo Lodge in Palm Springs, where Barb and I would be staying. It had been a long Sunday.

THE SCOREBOARD

Miles this week.	2,350
Miles to date	6,950
Winnings this week	\$1,200
Winnings to date	\$7,200

NEXT WEEK

Nicklaus finds his golf clubs, then finds his golf game and finally finds himself washing diapers in a Phoenix Laundromat half an hour after his first 1964 win.

Ho-hum.

Tell your neighbor what a fantastic achievement it was to create instant color photography—15 years, thousands of experiments—and you may get a yawn. After all, we've practically made it to the moon.

But let him take one picture with your new Polaroid Color Pack Camera. Then try to get it back.





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BASEBALL'S WEEK

AMERICAN LEAGUE MINNESOTA set off an explosion of home runs last week, and pitchers all over the league felt the tremor. The Twins hit an even dozen, six in one game and six more in four others. Tony Oliva, Bob Allison, Jimmie Hall and Harmon Killebrew tied a major-league record by hitting the back-to-back-to-back-to-back homers against the punchy Athletics. Oliva (.409), Rich Rollins (.391) and Allison (.368) scored a total of 17 runs and drove in 15. Although Twin pitchers gave up more than five runs a game, the team won four of five. Like the Twins, KANSAS CITY hit 12 home runs, but the Athletics' pitchers gave up more than five runs a day. So KC came out with four losses in six tries. The heavy Kansas City hitting began after Betting Coach Bebe Dahlgren showed the team his home movies of the A's in batting practice. Film stars Rocky Colavito and Jim Gentile (.444) both homered in three games, Ed Charles batted .458 and Charlie Lau hit the first Athletics home run into Charles O. Finley's Pennant Porch. The WHITE SOX, rained out four days in a row, won their only two games as they got strong pitching from rookie Frank Kreutzer and Gary Peters. BALTIMORE played more often but won only once. After the Orioles batted up one play on top of another and finally lost to the Yankees on a passed ball, Manager Hank Bauer lamented, "That was the baddest game I've seen in a long time." Wes Stock got the lone win, his 10th straight in three years. Dick Stuart of ASTORIA snatched a win from the Orioles with a score-tying double in the ninth and a grand slam in the 11th. In their other three games, all defeats, the Red Sox scored a total of three runs. LOS ANGELES did not score much either (no homers for the second straight week), yet won three of five, thanks to standout performances by Jim Fregosi (.600) and Fred

Newman (six-hit shutout against the Indians). For the first time since the middle of last September the Angels won two straight games, with Don Lee and Bob Lee getting the wins. Then the Angels ran out of Lees. DETROIT (2-3) simply ran out of traded players. Larry Sherry, late of the Dodgers, won in relief when Don Demeter, a former Phil, homered in the 10th. Dave Wickersham, an ex-Athletic, shut out the Red Sox for the other win. WASHINGTON used potent reserves to split six games. John Kennedy and Bill Skowron came off the bench to deliver hits that beat the Yankees. Don Zimmer hit two homers and Pitchers Benne Daniels and Steve Ridenik were winners. Only by the grace of some effective bunts (in a 5-4 win over the Orioles) and a two-hit shutout by Whitey Ford (against the Senators) did NEW YORK (2-1) keep from losing. After two losses, CLEVELAND beat the Twins and then, with a 13th-inning rally, disposed of the Orioles to retain its tenuous grip on first place.

NATIONAL LEAGUE With a pitching staff held together by penicillin and a prayer, LOS ANGELES Manager Walt Alton called on three youngsters and got wins from each. First came a 1-0 shutout by Phil Ortega (24) against the Braves, then victories over the Colt .45s by Joe Moeller (21) and Nick Willhite (23). Don Drysdale won twice, shutting out the Colts and checking the Giants with five hits. In all, Dodger pitchers held opponents to a .202 BA, gave up just 15 walks and struck out 48. For punch they relied on Frank Howard, who hit three homers. Two of them were against Bob Hendley of the Giants, giving Howard six homers in his last eight at bats against Hendley over the past two years. The Dodgers hardly noticed their two losses, rejoicing over the imminent return of Sandy Koufax and Ron Perranoski from the injured list.

League-leading PHILADELPHIA won four of five games and had just one bad habit, namely, an inability to win on Saturdays. But with Tony Taylor, Gus Trandoss and Bobby Wine hitting homers on Sunday, with Richie Allen (.429) getting a home run and triple on Tuesday and with Pitchers Dennis Bennett and Jim Bunning winning on Thursday and Friday, they can afford their Saturdays off. NEW YORK lost three 4-3 games but won when Tracy Stallard beat the Pirates 3-2 and when Al Jackson shut out the Reds. A rash of base hits by Ken Boyer (.534), Bill White (.476) and Dick Groat (.368), a shutout by Ernie Broglio and Roger Craig's first win for ST. LOUIS (3-2) moved the Cardinals from sixth place to fourth. Hits were foreign to CHICAGO batters—until they went to Houston. There they got 26 hits and 20 runs (10 in one inning) in two easy victories, one a shutout by Bob Buhl. PITTSBURGH also won twice, on ninth-inning singles by Roberto Clemente and Gene Froese. But in between the Pirates lost four times, once when Tony Cloninger of MILWAUKEE (3-2) held them to one single. Eddie Mathews (.381) and Hank Aaron (.500) ended their slumps. With Vada Pinson and Frank Robinson injured, CINCINNATI (1-3) had to scramble. Home runs by Gordy Coleman and Marty Keough one night gave the Reds a win, something that four stolen bases one day and good pitching on two other occasions had failed to accomplish. Good pitching, once a staple in HOUSTON (2-5), was scarce. Two former Phillies, Jim Owens and Turk Farrell, were fortunate to be pitching when the Colts scored a few runs and thus picked up a pair of wins. SAN FRANCISCO (2-1) got shutout pitching from Juan Marichal and .400 hitting from Willie Mays—which was perfectly normal. What was not normal was Willie playing one game at first base to rest a pulled leg muscle.



DUKE SNIDER: SWEET REVENGE

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

The Giants were losing to the Dodgers 4-2 in Los Angeles last weekend when, with one runner on base and no one out in the ninth inning, Duke Snider, that old Dodger in a Giant uniform, came to bat. Snider had come to the Giants by way of the Mets, who had bought him from the Dodgers last year. Snider did little to help the Mets, and this spring he made it quite clear he wanted out. "I'd like to be with a contender," he said. Obviously, the Mets sold him to San Francisco, and the Duke settled onto a jet as he had not hustled all through spring training. Few Mets wept—he dogged it while he was on our club," said Tracy Stallard—but out in Los Angeles, Dodge-

er General Manager Buzzie Bavasi turned purple. The Mets, he felt, should have given the Dodgers a chance to buy Snider back. "I don't feel Snider's going to the Giants will change the complexion of the pennant race," Bavasi yelled, "but I'm burned up on principle."

Indeed, Snider did little during his first few weeks in San Francisco except get a crew cut. But last Saturday night, playing against the Dodgers, Snider regained his touch. Early in the game he came up with a single, his first in 13 tries as a Giant. And then in the ninth inning, with one man on and no outs, Snider hit the first pitch for a home run off Joe Moeller to tie the game. The Giants won three innings later 5-4. Watching it all from his box seat, Buzzie Bavasi turned purple all over again.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

LIGHT ON THE GAME

Sirs:

Holy mackerel, another series on how to hit a golf ball (*Let Me Help Your Game*, April 27 and May 4)! How about a break for the rest of us?

J. COLLINGTON

Hollis, N.Y.

Sirs:

Hooray for the new Claude Harmon lessons!

Along with many others I rushed to the nearest driving range to try my hands and feet in the new "maneuvers." Being a tyro starting at the ripe old age of 41, I found my shots so improved they were bringing comments. One fellow commented, "You must have read the new *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*."

I shall taste and retaste every word like a good steak—and see if I can get out of the 90s into the 80s.

MARSHA M. KEPPEL

Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs:

Claude Harmon's article is beyond a doubt the best I have ever read. I have been teaching golf for 30 years, and I have been reading and rereading it for two days.

PAT BUCCI

Ithaca, N.Y.

Sirs:

Having taught golf for years, I must disagree with Mr. Harmon's statement that control of the hands can be learned by the grip, thus enabling a player to hook or slice.

Almost all golfers who shoot over 90 tend to slice. A hook grip does not correct late wrist action, the cause of most slicing.

CHARLES GOTTERT

Massapequa, N.Y.

Sirs:

It seems that you have golf on the brain. Or is the guy who is supposed to find space for track, baseball, lacrosse, and the Olympics out on the course trying to break 90?

PETER M. POLLAK

Oberlin, Ohio

Sirs:

My father and I took special interest in Claude Harmon's tip entitled "Start Down with a Hip Shake," because we both tended to turn our hips prematurely. My father took the club back, slapped his hip with his right hand and started his downswing. It was a continuous, fluid swing—until the club smashed a valuable Venetian chandelier on the way down. Claude is an excellent instructor, but please tell him to remain at Winged Foot and to keep away from our

house. We will be airing our rackets for tennis this weekend.

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EXPOSED

Sirs:

Although I am only a poor little dinghy sailor, I am curious about the second British 12-meter currently preparing for the America's Cup races. Why have there been no pictures of *Korrewa*? I understood that she was supposed to be a twin of the other British boat, *Sovereign*.

DAVID CARDEN

New York City

● See for yourself (*below*). In a brief flight through the air from a cradle at dockside to her launching in Scotland's Holy Loch, Britain's alternate 12, *Korrewa*, was revealed for all the world to see as few bouts her size ever have —ED.

STROKE FOR EQUALITY

Sirs:

Our warmest thanks for the story on our crew (*The Race Problem at Howard Is How to Win*, April 27). It will, I am sure, have an enormous effect on Negro interest in rowing. To correct a possible misimpression, however, I would like to emphasize that I am personally very much for total racial equality, and I feel that our efforts on the crew, which promote understanding and familiarity through constructive athletic competition, are much to be preferred where possible over belligerent approaches, which may only produce more hostility.

STUART LAW

Couch, Howard University Crew

Washington

LONG STORY SHORT

Sirs:

For many years, I have designed golf courses here in Mexico, so it was with great interest that I read Edw. Shrake's article on the modern trend toward making courses too long, too difficult and too uninteresting (*Play the Poor Short Hitters*, April 13). However, I cannot completely agree that this unfortunate trend should be blamed entirely on the golf architects.

One does not have to investigate far to discover that there are not too many real golf-course architects in existence, in the U.S. or in any other country. Many golf courses are designed by real estate developers with no qualification for that title whatever. In recent years a new type of expert has sprung up, calling himself a "land planner," whose main objective appears to be to stretch the courses as far as possible to increase the salable frontage. Some have even gone so far as to isolate the fairways in order to have lots on both sides.

From a golf standpoint this is ridiculous, and certainly no qualified golf architect in his right mind would ever design one of these monstrosities.

PERCY CLIFFORD

Mexico City

Sirs:

I sympathize with such fine, short-hitting players as Jerry Barber and Billy Maxwell. However, they cannot expect to equal Palmer or Nicklaus on a 6,000- or 7,000-yard course.

Palmer averages about 270 yards off the tee to Barber's 130. This is 40 yards, which amounts to a difference of about three clubs, but since Barber also has his irons shorter it comes to about four clubs. Thus, when

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18TH HOLE *continued*

Arnie is reaching for his eight-iron, Barber is hitting a four-iron. When Arnold is hitting a three-iron, Jerry can't reach the green. So Jerry, of course, cannot put his longer shots on as consistently as Arnie—which makes Arnie the better player.

I think the short hitters are at a disadvantage on any golf course.

GEORGE GRIFFIN

Conshohocken, Pa.

Sirs:

The complaints of the short hitters reflect a lack of knowledge of the history of the game of golf.

In comparing modern American courses to their older sister courses in England and Scotland the complainers seem to have overlooked the fountainhead of all golf, St. Andrews. Nowhere are there larger, more severely contoured greens, more tee positions, more looming bunkers or rugged rough than at the oldest of all golf courses. At St. Andrews, where the weather is always a strong factor, the tee markers are placed on the back of the tee only when the shot is downwind and on the front for an upwind shot, so as to even out the relative qualities of play on any given day.

The intent of the best modern golf architects is to reestablish these ancient and honored principles. The fact that a modern course measures 7,200 yards from the very back of each tee does not mean that it must be played from that position alone. Rather, the extra length provides room for each tee to be adjusted according to the climatic conditions of the day.

Larger greens afford not only a larger target for the pro and duffer alike, but also a greater variety of pin positions for everyday play as well as for the championships. If the pin is placed in a tough position for a championship, the fainthearted pro can still play for the fat part of the green. At least he will not be in a trap tucked around a small green. After all, par is the standard of excellence; a birdie is extra special and should involve the element of a heroic challenge, where a miss would be penalized.

It is true that with the recent proliferation of new courses some architects have confused greatness with severity. Some greenkeepers and tournament chairmen have also misused the flexibility provided by good architecture and have added a trick of their own—more and higher rough at tournament time.

However, the overall trend of modern golf architecture, first conceived by my father and implemented in collaboration with his near namesake, Robert Tyre Jones Jr. at Peachtree in the late 1940s, should not be condemned because of a few abuses at an occasional championship.

ROBERT TRENT JONES JR.

Palo Alto, Calif.

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Droll Scandal of the Boules Hustlers

The police made a raid—and all Gaul was united in amused pride to learn that a simple bowling game could inspire so ingenious a swindle, such refinements of corruption by PAUL EVAN RESS and M. R. WERNER

The French newspapers called it the scandal of the Gang de la Pétanque, meaning the Boules Hustlers. A nice couple of francs changed hands before the victims hollered "Né!" and arrests were made. The cases were disposed of in the criminal courts eventually, but outside the bistros, where pétanque is played for rounds of drinks and sometimes for money, they still wonder if there might not be more scandals where that one came from.

Pétanque is supposed to have originated in Marseille, and like bouillabaisse, another Marseille creation, it often has a pleasant fishiness about it. It is the favorite game of the French, though you would never guess this from their novels, a simple kind of outdoor bowling played in one variation or another—like the Italian bocce—all over Europe and in many of its cultural outposts, such as Bleeker Street in New York City. In France some five million

people play it. The Fédération Française de Pétanque et Jeu Provençal, the licensing agency for tournament play and the awarding of championships, has a paid-up membership of 200,000. Only cycling and soccer rival it in popularity. It is played by 5-year-olds and by octogenarians. It can be played on any terrain, and games go by the hour on quays in Cannes, Bordeaux streets, village squares and elegant city parks like the Bois de Boulogne.

The players, two or three to a team, try to get the metal balls as close as possible to a small wooden ball. The metal balls, slightly larger than a baseball, are called *bowles*. The wooden ball, two inches in diameter, is called the *bouche*, probably because it used to be made of cork, and sometimes the *cochonnet*, which means little pig and has some obscure folklorish origin. The *bouche* is placed between 20 and 32 feet from the players, who must stand inside a cir-

cule traced on the ground with feet joined when they toss, throw or roll the ball. This position is known in the Provençal language as *pedis joints*, or "feet joined together," hence the name, pétanque. Points are scored by the nearness of the *bowles* to the *bouche*, and half the fun is in measuring. This is done by ruler, tape, trouser belt or tree branch, and a great volume of rhetoric, with most players convinced they are being robbed.

It was this dislike of being robbed, in a more literal sense, that broke the scandal of the Gang de la Pétanque. It all began, naturally, in Marseille, a permanent cradle of liberties of one sort or another. One morning a few summers ago the newspapers told of the arrest of a 15-man gang. They were accused of bilking scores of businessmen from Marseille to Nice on the Riviera of \$140,000 in games of pétanque. For some time, so the papers said, Marseille police officials had been registering complaints

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Draft Scandal continued

from store owners, proprietors of building-trade companies and small businessmen claiming they had been victimized by hotshot pétanque players using loaded balls.

When the *flics* (police) made a dawn raid on the gang, they confiscated pétanque balls in their apartments and automobiles and tested them. When rolled on rails toward a bumper, an honest pétanque ball comes back to the starting point. A tampered ball, generally weighted with metallic filings, stops on the way. The confiscated balls passed the test. One suspected ball was sawed in half but turned out to be legitimate.

The investigating magistrate put together the scenario the gang had organized for suckers. One member of the gang would contact, say, the owner of a masonry firm and offer to put him in touch with an eccentric old millionaire who was interested in building a villa along the Mediterranean coast. Or a Provençal poultry farmer would be told of an eccentric old millionaire interested in creating a chain of chicken farms in Corsica. The businessman, hooked, was then taken to some country inn where he found a rich old man playing pétanque with a gang of rogues. Because he was 75 years old, had poor eyesight and suffered from arthritis, the millionaire's opponent had made some concessions. The *bourchon*, or coxswain, was thrown only six feet from the players instead of the regulation 20 to 32 feet. The elderly millionaire had four balls to toss, against three for his adversary. He had a four-point handicap in a game of 10 or 11 points, and friends picked up the balls from the ground so he wouldn't have to bend down. Despite all this, the old man lost every game, and his "secretary" took wads of 100-franc notes from a briefcase to pay the winner.

After losing half a dozen times the old man hurled the pétanque balls away, saying he would not play against the winner anymore. Sometimes the old man would then invite the victim (called a "pigeon") to play; sometimes the eager-beaver businessman himself suggested a game with the angry old man. The gang was too clever to urge the pigeon to bet, but asked whether he minded if they bet on him to beat the old man. The businessman naturally gave his aged opponent the same handicap of an extra ball and four points at a distance of six feet. The old man lost

game after game before he quit. The bettors made fun of him, saying "You're not a man, *vous êtes une patate* [literally, you're a potato]." Enraged, the old man said: "Afraid, am I? Well, I'll tell you what. I'll bet you everything in my secretary's briefcase against you!" And he put up anywhere from \$4,000 to \$6,000. Bettors said they did not have that much money in their pockets but would go home or to their bank to get it. Often the pigeon drove them there.

A big money game then began, and soon the pigeon was ahead eight points to four (the handicap) with only two to go to win. At this point the old man would say, "By the way, I've shown you my money, let's see yours." And it turned out the bettors lacked \$1,000 or \$2,000. Usually the delighted pigeon offered to supply the missing amount on the spot. Occasionally he required a little persuasion along these lines: "You want to get the old man to let you build his villa, don't you? Well, don't get him angry. Put in a couple of thousand dollars. You're way ahead," et cetera. Naturally, the old man suddenly began to play well—very well—and the pigeon found himself beaten 10-8 or 10-9. Incredulous, the pigeon often insisted on a return match and was, of course, plumped a second time. Some victims came back for third and even fourth games of pétanque. Such was a typical ging plot as revealed by the magistrate.



Now, the Frenchman who does not play pétanque watches it, and players and spectators ate up the front-page press accounts of how the pétanque gang operated. Everyone waited impatiently for the Marseille trial to begin. In the annals of French court trials few if any have been as hilarious as that of the pétanque gang. It went on for three days in the small courtroom in the Marseille Palais de Justice. French court reporters said it was *superpagnol*, referring to Writer Marcel Pagnol's colorful trilogy about Marseille. For Americans, the trial resembled Olsen and Johnson's *Hellzapoppin*.

Justice with garlie

In the garlic-laden air defendants, lawyers, journalists and spectators pushed and shoved each other for seats on uncomfortable wooden benches. Reporters finally squatted on the steps of the judge's podium. One defendant, wearing dark glasses, was caught calmly sitting among 16 attorneys, instead of on the bench of the accused. There were not enough policemen to keep track of the shifty gang members, and they strolled out of the courtroom to smoke and hold impromptu press conferences in the corridors of the Palais de Justice. "This trial is a disgrace," they said indignantly to sympathetic little crowds. Inside the courtroom gesticulating, shouting spectators—all pétanque fans

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Droll Scandal (continued)

—acted like an antique chorus that had gotten out of hand. But the good-na-
tured judge never once threatened to
clear the courtroom.

Cries of "quel dommage" (what a
pity) greeted Defense Attorney Paul
Tramoni's announcement that chief de-
fendant Baptista Ivaldi, 75, who some-
times played the role of the eccentric
old pétanque-playing millionaire, was
in the hospital and too ill to appear in
court. Judge Vincenzelli agreed to try
him later, separately. (Ivaldi really was
an old man; the gang also used decoys,
made up like character actors.)

To the 14 other defendants the judge
read Ivaldi's signed statement on how
the gang operated. Adolphe Bernasconi,
Ivaldi's "secretary" with the briefcase
full of banknotes, protested: "Sure, I
sometimes carry a briefcase. What does
that prove? There are always pigeons
on a pétanque field. I was born on a
pétanque field. It is true that I took a
little advantage of the pigeons. But how
can I live with the \$400 old-age pension
I get every year from the social secu-
rity administration? I'm a father and a
grandfather and have a hard time mak-
ing two ends meet. So when I was \$40
here and \$80 there, it arranged things
nicely for me. I've always seen people
gamble at pétanque. There's nothing
criminal in that. Besides, it was the pi-
geons themselves who begged to be al-
lowed to play. You can tell a pigeon by
his face."

Judge Vincenzelli asked: "But why
did the victims always lose?" Replied
Bernasconi: "Allow me! No doubt they
were victims of their nervousness." And
he added: "The old man looked like
such a pushover that even police officers
took him on."

Another defendant, jolly ex-Weber-
weight boxer Louis Ricci, now a film
stunt man, said: "The game of pétanque,
gentlemen, is joyful and pleasing. I love
to play and I love to gamble—"

"Even in a dishonest manner?" the
judge asked.

"Dishonest, dishonest, bah!" said Ricci.
"In France there are the national
lottery and horseracing. Aren't people
robbed on horse tracks and in casinos?"
Asked by his lawyer, Tramoni, if he had
ever seen cheating in the game of pé-
tanque, Ricci said, "Everyone cheats at
pétanque. Even the plaintiffs did. I my-
self caught several of the 'victims' push-
ing their pétanque bulls with their feet.

and I said to them, 'Don't do that, it's not right.'"

Onto the witness stand came stuttering Antoine Ceccaldi, owner of a building-trades company and dealer in Corsican real estate. "All the plaintiffs insisted upon playing pétanque with the old man," he said. "They wanted to plume him."

The judge asked: "But weren't you surprised to find Ivaldi always playing pétanque when you arrived with a client?"

Ceccaldi answered: "Pe-pe-pé-tanque is Mon-mou-mou-sieur I-I-ivaldi's whole li-life."

When the lawyers attempted to cross-examine Ceccaldi, Judge Vincentelli exclaimed: "For pet's sake, don't interrupt him!"

Antoine's brother, Eugène Ceccaldi, admitted on the stand that he had introduced a plumber, an electrician and others to Ivaldi "in connection with an animal-breeding business in Corsica."

Asked a lawyer: "Breeding pigeons?"

Best-known and loved of the defendants was Emile Agaccio, national pétanque champion several times. "What's your occupation?" asked the judge. Agaccio answered: "I am a professor of pétanque."

"Was Ivaldi, the old man, a good pétanque player?" asked the judge.

"No, he was punk."

Question: "Weren't you, a champion, ashamed to play with a dufler?"

Answer: "I recognize now that I was wrong. But I did give him four points and an extra ball. I guess I could have given him two extra balls."

Question: "How does it happen that you bet small sums, never millions?"

Answer: "Because one is never sure to win in pétanque."

A defense lawyer interjected: "The plaintiffs should have been equally cautious."

Testifying in Agaccio's behalf was Louis Alterio, president of the pétanque federation. He said:

"Agaccio is a pétanque player of admirable conduct; he is a worthy representative of French pétanque in foreign competitions. He has hoisted the French tricolor high in international competition. I wish to salute him here." Thunderous applause.

Judge Vincentelli asked Defendant Maurice Dornat: "Didn't you find it curious that every time someone was

a continuation of

There are really two kinds of daiquiris:



MYERS RUM MAKES THE MAN'S DRINK! A "dainty" daiquiri is fine for the distill side . . . but Myers does things in a masculine way. It's a Jamaica rum, spirited, golden and robust. Adds great character and flavor—a man's kind of flavor—to almost any drink. This Golden Daiquiri on-the-rocks is a superb example: 2 oz. lime juice, 1 oz. Myers Rum, tsp. sugar, dash of bitters. Shake with ice or use blender. Strain into glass . . . enjoy! You'll relish Myers' full-bodied flavor. **97 PROOF.**



P.S. FOR THE HOSTESS. Myers adds flavor magic to foods, too. For a gala dessert, try Rum Cherries Jubilee: drain 1 lb. can of Bing Cherries. Save ½ cup syrup; combine with ½ cup Myers Rum, 1 tsp. Leroux Curaçao. Marinate cherries 3 hrs. Make 1 tsp. cornstarch paste using syrup; add to fruit. Boil, simmer 1 min. Lower rum filled ladle into hot syrup; ignite. Let flame die; serve over vanilla ice cream. What a treat!

MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM • 97 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS COMPANY, N.Y.C.



MEET:

Droll Scandal continued



PAUL DOHERTY
in Albany

Paul Doherty is a man who likes to work with people—the kind of person who enjoys helping others. His achievements speak for themselves.

Born, raised, and educated in Boston, Paul earned a B.A. degree in economics from Northeastern University. After graduation, Paul's business career took him to Cleveland. Today, Paul is a full-time career representative in Connecticut General's Albany Office, where he is rapidly establishing himself as one of the leading business men in the area.

Men like Paul Doherty are located in the major metropolitan areas throughout the country. They make CG service so much more valuable to families and businesses from coast to coast. For CG is people. Connecticut General... where people and ideas create security for millions.

CONNECTICUT GENERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, HARTFORD

**CONNECTICUT
GENERAL** 

brought to see the old man, Ivaldi was playing pétanque and losing money?" Replied the witness: "A simple coincidence, Monsieur le Président."

Defense attorneys introduced a fish-monger named François Corso, who claimed he defeated Ivaldi and won money from him. "I took one look at the old man and I said to myself, he's not a pigeon, he's a dove! I've lost money in casinos and on horse tracks. For once I was a winner! And then the police arrest the old man. Me, I haven't got millions. If some people throw millions around, it's only right that others should profit from them."

Of two dozen pigeons asking damages, only 16 continued to press charges. The rest were afraid of public ridicule and figured they couldn't get the money back anyway.

Moon of a pigeon

One pigeon, Dominique Pascal, who is in the plumbing business, said: "They talked about a \$40,000 plumbing contract. So I played pétanque and lost \$4,000. Ceccaldi took me to a pizzeria to console me. But I wasn't hungry," he added wistfully.

But the high in naïveté was hit by a Marseille furniture store owner, François Massimelli. He fell for the line that an eccentric old millionaire film producer was looking for furniture to decorate Brigitte Bardot's villa. Defense Attorney Tramiot asked: "Did you really imagine that your merchandise was good enough for Brigitte Bardot?" "No," admitted Massimelli finally.

"That question was out of order," the judge ruled.

Massimelli pointed to defendant "Tempête" (Tempest) Voiron, sitting on the lawyers' bench, and identified him as the old man who had beaten him at pétanque. "I remember you," Massimelli said. "You were disguised as an old man. We had lunch together at the Château de Meyrargues. And you weren't able to eat the trout because you didn't have your false teeth."

Jumping to his feet, Voiron shouted: "I have never seen this gentleman and, as for eating trout, I should like to inform him that I eat only salt-water fish."

Finally, it was time for the plaintiffs' lawyers to plead. One attorney, Roger Mulinco, stated the case rather oddly: "There is no more likable misdeed than swindling, and the victims always

have a completely idiotic appearance. Juridically this is an irrefutable case of swindling. There are fraudulent maneuvers, people playing false roles, the enticement of an imaginary deal, the intervention of third parties to persuade the victims. Our clients were certainly 'pigeoned,' and we have had a lot of fun laughing at this comedy. But I ask that the guilty persons be punished. You will condemn them because this time they have tossed the *cochonner* just a little too far."

Defense lawyers never denied the material facts or made any effort to whitewash the petanqueurs morally. But Maître Paul Tramiot argued in a defense as odd as the complaint: "No doubt there was deceit and trickery in this affair, but there was no swindling. Since the noble combat of David against Goliath there has always existed the element of uncertainty in sport. Even the great Agaccio has been beaten in a pétanque championship. You will not condemn these men at the demand of victims who were motivated by a desire for lucre."

Maître Christian Grisol conceded handsomely: "The defendants are not saints, but who of us can pretend to be one? Everything that is not morally good is not necessarily legally condemnable."

Judge Vincentelli observed: "This game of pétanque is like marriage. Let him who can deceive another." The remark was quite heartening to the defendants, and after all the fun everybody had at the trial, defense attorneys and the man in the street freely predicted acquittal of the 14 defendants, or at least suspended sentences.

Three of the defendants did not even bother to show up to hear the verdict, given a week later. But Judge Vincentelli convicted all 14 of the misdemeanor of swindling. He sentenced them to a minimum of two months and a maximum of 18 months in prison. Four minor members of the pétanque gang got six-month suspended sentences. One got off with a 10-month suspended sentence. The judge also ordered the defendants to pay the plaintiffs \$4,000 damages. Most of the defense lawyers considered the sentences severe. But one, a conventional type, said somewhat stuffily: "It proves that everything in Marseille is not a *rigolade*."

That is French for a big joke. Around the bistros, over the *pastis*, they disagree. They think it was not only a big joke, but rather a good one

END

EVERY CROSSING IS A 5-DAY SOCIAL SEASON

V.I.P.'S, CHAMPAGNE AND PARTIES ARE PART OF THE FUN OF GOING TO EUROPE ON THE WORLD'S FASTEST SHIP



Aboard s.s. United States every minute is vacation. You'll wish these 5 precious days could last forever.



Mrs. Henry Bryer, Jr., of Haverford, Pa., regular traveler.



You'll dine in one of the world's finest restaurants when you sail to Europe on s.s. United States.



Plenty of opportunities for games as well as a heated pool and gym for more exercise.



Colonel and Mrs. Louis Stempel of Chicago have made 20 crossings.



There's a party every night and dancing to Meyer Davis music.



Mr. Charles Gray, Governor House, London, sails with us.



You are part of a sea-going world of fun and fashion that commutes to Europe. You can live it up or just luxuriate.

If you're sailing to Europe soon you may like to assure yourself of these five important things. Time to relax and have fun. A comfortable stateroom. Thoughtful service. Food you like. And the chance to meet congenial fellow passengers. The s.s. United States and s.s. America specialize in offering this kind of good living to well-traveled people.

Your stateroom has its own private air conditioning, virtually unlimited baggage space and a bed that feels blissfully comfortable. The personal staff is accustomed to caring for V.I.P.'s. And there is scarcely

a dish in the world which the chefs cannot prepare. You can dance to Meyer Davis music, watch pre-release movies, swim in a heated pool, or just relax with people who like to live elegantly.

The United States includes a weekend in its 5 days to Europe, conserving time for businessmen. The s.s. America offers you 2 extra days at sea for a more leisurely crossing. Your travel agent can help you decide which sailing will suit you best.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT. Fares are lowest in the Thrift Season with additional 10% reduction on round trips, even if one way is by air. Excursion fares and special group rates offer greater savings.

S.S. UNITED STATES
S.S. AMERICA

UNITED STATES LINES





*Our first anniversary
Married one week. Skål!*



*Snowed in. Nothing but steak
and Carlsberg. Skål!*



*First place!
Bring on Goren. Skål!*



*Our very own sailboat.
Christen it with Carlsberg. Skål!*



Twins! A boy for you, a girl for me. Skål!

Carlsberg—the celebrated beer of Copenhagen

Whatever the celebration—big or little—Carlsberg helps.

That's because Carlsberg is an extraordinary beer; a mellow, flavorful beer. Part of its secret is in the brewing. Carlsberg is slow-brewed for a minimum of solids and a lighter, brighter flavor.

It takes at least four months to create Carlsberg. That's longer than it takes to make most of the beers you used to drink—before you tried Carlsberg.

Carlsberg is especially appropriate for celebrations now, in its graceful new sculptured bottle. Ask for it at good hotels, restaurants and fine stores in 159 countries and at the New York World's Fair. Insist on Carlsberg—the glorious beer of Copenhagen. Each time you drink it—it's a celebration.



PROPERTY OF THE ROYAL DANISH COURT THE ROYAL DANISH COURT THE ROYAL DANISH COURT • Brewed and bottled by the Carlsberg Breweries, Copenhagen, Denmark • Carlsberg Agents: INC. 301 E. 42ND ST. NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

"Greatly beneficial"

In a Shopwalk column in SI, May 13, 1963, one tent manufacturer mentioned was the Eureka Tent & Awning Co., Binghamton, New York. Wrote A. C. Legg, Chairman of Eureka's Board of Directors:

"Our dealers in the larger cities were greatly

benefited by your write-up. We heard from several of them, notably Hilton's of Boston, Morsans, Goldberg's of Philadelphia and H & H of Baltimore.

"Their rental departments were affected and this in turn resulted in more sales of our tents to them."



TENNIS EQUIPMENT

"Tremendous mail reaction...2500 letters"

A few weeks ago (April 6, 1964) an across-the-board regional Shopwalk by Julie Campbell featured a new shop called The Tennis Set in Los Angeles, "the IN place to go for the latest in equipment, clothing and tennis conversation." The first day the mail started coming in, The Tennis Set received a bonanza of no less than 500 letters in response. The next week, 300 letters arrived a day.

Florence Allen, owner of The Tennis Set, wrote us on April 16th:

"The mail reaction has been tremendous. That is

why this note to say thanks is so late. By now we must have received almost 2500 letters requesting a catalog and saying how much their writers enjoyed the story on the shop. When I get another minute I shall forward some of them on to you so you can see for yourself. I haven't had a chance to make a mailing list as yet so I will need them until I do."

As this Memo went to press at the end of April, almost a month later, letters were still inundating The Tennis Set at the rate of 50 a day, from all over the country, and from Mexico and Canada, too.



RIDING CLOTHES

"Not only to see but actually to buy"

The Miller Harness Co. Inc. of New York, which sells fine riding gear, has been credited several times in SI—most recently in an article called "The Miniature McCoy" in the December 2nd, 1963 issue. Wrote Joseph Miller:

"We have been getting some very interesting

reader response to the editorial space you were good enough to give to Miller's. We have had people call us from various parts of the country and a great many come into the store, not only to see but actually to buy the listed articles."



BICYCLES

"A definite spurt"

Two of the bicycle manufacturers mentioned in an SI piece, "Bicycles Are Back Again," were Arnold, Schwinn & Co., and the Huffman Manufacturing Company. Wrote Arnold, Schwinn of Chicago:

"Your Sports Illustrated article, 'Bicycles Are Back Again,' attracted wide attention. Everyone in the bicycle industry was favorably impressed and we called attention to it in an editorial in our

dealer paper, The Schwinn Reporter.

"But aside from trade comment, your article attracted considerable public attention. We have received numerous inquiries from adults concerning sports bikes, especially our 10-speed models which were mentioned in your article. Our sales of these models have been gaining ground slowly for the past three or four years, but took a definite spurt this year."



PUERTO VALLARTA

"It was the beginning of everything"

Sports Illustrated was there first! In January, 1963, eight months before Burton, Taylor and Huston showed up to join the iguanas, SI had done a major piece on Puerto Vallarta. Later, Vallartans said: "It was the beginning of everything" and "the best story ever done about Vallarta." Here are actual quotes:

Max Gutierrez, Manager, Mexicana de Avionacion, Puerto Vallarta:

"The story was a great success for Vallarta. After it, we have a year-round season instead of only the winter season. And now the next season is better than ever before."

Eduardo Marroqui, Owner, Hotel Rio:

"But terrific! The response was immediate, absolutely stacks of mail. February was much bigger than usual. In fact, the article filled the whole town."

Nelly Wulff, Owner, of Nelly's boutique in town and on the beach:

"It was so wonderful, the story in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED—it was the beginning of everything. Before this, I had a small shop. After, I was a famous person. It really put me in business." (The label, "Nelly of Puerto Vallarta," is to be found at Henri Bendel, New York and Gump's, San Francisco.)



MARTINI TESTER

"Wonderful"

In Scoreboard for November 25th SI mentioned a new "Martini Tester" made by the Thexton Manufacturing Company. It consists of an eyedropper device which, stuck into a martini, determines the dryness of same. Loren P. Tichey, President of the company, wrote us:

"The reader response to your piece on November 25th regarding our Gourmet Martini Tester was wonderful.

"We have had several hundred letters and telephone calls from all over the country."

Our readers react to the people, places and things they find between the covers of SI. And that most certainly includes advertising!

In our November 25, 1963 issue, Brunswick Corporation introduced their new home billiard table with the *only consumer* advertisement that Brunswick bought in any medium. The ad included a small copy line: "Send for free booklet 'What to Look for When You Buy a Billiard Table'." As of January 6, 1964 Brunswick had fulfilled 315 requests for more information about the table. More importantly, many of these requests came from retailers interested in selling the table. Finally, Brunswick achieved their 1963 sales objective for this new product.

In a Memo last summer we mentioned that United Air Lines who, in an ad in the June 17th issue had offered golf bag covers (for \$7.50), ran out of them within weeks and had to reorder. Now we learn from United Air Lines' director of passenger sales planning that during 1963 United sold 7,000 golf bag covers. And they attribute 6,000 of these sales to their two ads in SI. They continue to be amazed at the quality of response. They are also taken aback by the fact that they are still receiving orders from the first ad they ran way last June.


ADVERTISING SALES DIRECTOR

your column.

"We have had several out-of-town visitors to the store who have made purchases and expressed their satisfaction at what they have seen.

"My employer, known to the fishing trade as 'Captain Jack,' who is 82 years of age, can be

found at his desk whenever the weather and his health permit. He wishes to thank your fine magazine for the confidence you have shown in our store. He cannot recall any previous write-up from other magazines to compare as favorably."



BOATS

"Numerous dealers took the trouble"

An article in SI, June 29, 1963, "All Kinds of People Go To Sea in Whalers," about a part-plastic, unsinkable boat that "looks like a bathtub and is not much good for catching whales, but if you want a boat for any other reason, the no-nonsense Boston Whaler is it."

Mr. Richard T. Fisher, President, wrote:

"We have tallied 59 consumer inquiries and six dealer inquiries from the article. The actual effect from our standpoint was substantially greater than these figures indicate, a judgment we arrive at from the numerous dealers who took the trouble to tell us about comments they had heard from their customers and prospects."



HOUSES AND TENTS

"Four commissions as a direct result"

An article in SI (July 29, 1963) on unusual vacation houses designed by Andrew Geller (who weekdays is Director of Housing and Components, Raymond Loewy/William Snaith, Inc.) brought this response from Mr. Geller:

"SI's 'Houses That Unsquare the Cube' continues to draw applause from the States and

abroad. Inquiries have been received from Brazil, Switzerland, Nigeria, and Canada, Texas and the Midwest cast the majority of votes in the States.

"Past business and personal relationships have been revived by this excellent article. Four commissions have been received as a direct result and more to come."

"Totally enthusiastic"

Another article, "A Four-Level Igloo for Fourteen," (SI December 16, 1963) on a vacation house, this one at Mt. Snow specifically designed for skiing weekends and vacation, brought this letter from its designer, John Black Lee, A.I.A.:

"Many people have spoken to me after having read the SI story about Dick Pinkham's Four-

Level Igloo; many more people, in fact, seem to have seen and been pleased by this story than other articles covering other houses in a more extensive way in well-known shelter magazines. The spirit of the comments is totally enthusiastic and not just polite recognition."

This is the bird that launched a thousand sips: More likely a thousand thousand. Probably more. And a good many of those sippers were illustrious men—Daniel Webster, Andrew Jackson, O. Henry—Old Crowers, all. Once you experience Old Crow's character and mellow smoothness you'll understand why it's modern America's favorite bourbon, too. Pleasure ahoy!

OLD CROW

The greatest name in bourbon



Chesterfield People:

They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)



Guy Stillman, breeder of Arabian horses, Arizona



Ernest F. Fetske, boat designer, Connecticut



James S. Thompson, optical physicist, California



If you like a mild smoke, but don't like filters, try today's Chesterfield King—mildest-tasting Chesterfield in 51 years. Vintage tobaccos—grown mild, aged mild, blended mild. Made to taste even milder through longer length. They satisfy!

CHESTERFIELD KING tastes great...yet it smokes so mild!